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Atlantic insight

WINTER
OUTDOORS FEATURE
Sleighrides, skiing, sled dog racing

Saints:

The monks of Monastery, N.S.
Moncton's Mother Teresa

Special Report: fleeing tyranny
— the persecuted among us

Wildlife : pests and weeds,
an ecology out of whack

Business: a haircut empire
rises out of St. John's



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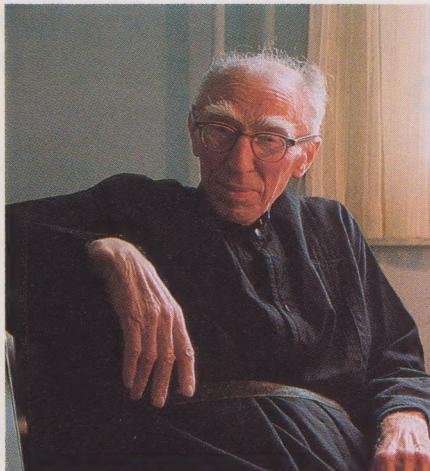
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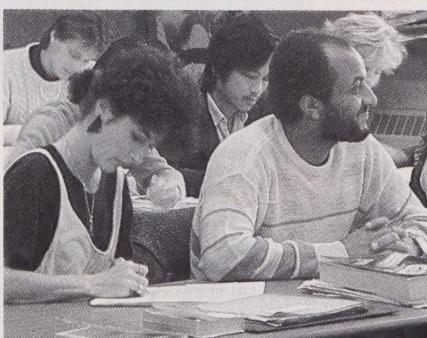


COVER STORY

Two inspirational stories for the holiday season: a haunting account in words and pictures of the Augustinian monks of Monastery, N.S. — mostly refugees from Nazi Germany, among them Brother Emmanuel (cover photo) and Father Reatus (above) — and the uplifting tale of Sister Rita Barrieau's ministry to the poor and destitute of Moncton.

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COVER PHOTO BY STUDIO STILL LIFE



SPECIAL REPORT

Atlantic Canada is becoming home to a small but growing number of immigrants and refugees from trouble spots like Iran, Vietnam, Eritrea, Poland, Chile and El Salvador. Here, scattered in rural places or gathered in small ethnic communities in cities, they find peace and try to build new lives.

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WILDLIFE

Gulls hovering around take-out restaurants, raccoons in the garbage, deer in farmers' crops — while pushing some animals and plants towards extinction, human interference with nature has caused others to thrive. The second of a two-part series looks at species that have adapted so well to human ways that they've become problems for other forms of wildlife.

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FOOD

Every family delights in preparing special Christmas foods from recipes passed down through several generations. But it's also a treat to have dinner out during the holiday season and the Amherst Shore Country Inn welcomes guests with its owners' favored family treats and warm touches of hospitality.

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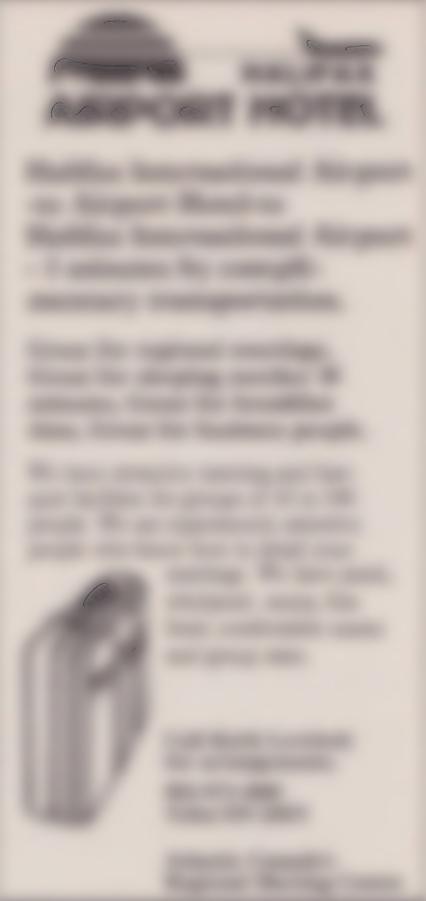
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

A lesson learned on the ski slopes: how to like winter

L

ast week I was at a ski resort in New England. I had never skied before, so I took a lesson. It was a cold, blustery day. The snow was powdery and deep. I fell down several times, but each time I got up and tried again. By the end of the day, I was able to ski down the slope without falling. I was so happy and proud of myself.



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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

A lesson learned on the ski slopes: how to like winter

Let's say that you're well over 30. Let's say that the best thing about winter from your point of view is that it does end eventually. Let's say that the last time you had a positive attitude towards snow was when they organized sleighrides for your class in high school. Sound familiar? Read on.

Six or seven short years ago I realized that I was going to have to learn to be a downhill skier. On my first day ever on the ski hill, I was taken in hand by a figure who I now regard as a combination of Florence Nightingale and Anne Murray. The generic name for this particular variety of angel from heaven is the Adult Ski Instructor. An Adult Ski Instructor specializes in taking adults with absolutely no athletic skills or knowledge and a very modest amount of willingness and motivation, and turning them into passable imitations of those figures seen all winter on TV beer ads who casually swoosh their way over the snow in graceful arcs.

My Adult Ski Instructor started on the very basic basics. Lesson one was learning to have no fear of falling. As it happened, on that first day on the slope it wasn't snowing. Nor was it sunny. It was raining. The temperature was such that the rain froze to your clothes when it fell. I was covered with a thin film of ice. The slopes were themselves a little icy. On the level ground, rainwater collected in the hollows.

The beginning of the lesson was to learn how to fall on level ground. At the command of my instructor, I would crumple to the snow. The ice on my clothes would shatter all around me. Most times I landed in a puddle. But I learned the intended lesson: you can fall on the snow with no ill effects.

The next lesson came quickly, and never again did I experience doubt about downhill skiing. I learned how to take hold of a moving rope going uphill, fasten myself to it and rise a few hundred yards up a very gentle slope. Next I learned that when you're at the top of a hill on skis, you usually don't point your skis downward and close your eyes. You head across the hill, and you master something known to skiers as the snowplow. This is a technical term meaning pigeon-toed on skis. It can be done easily, and its great advantage is that you're never more than a second or two away from being fully stopped, no matter how steep the hill.

The most wonderful day of my early skiing life was when I was taken — on what skiers call a T-bar — from the bottom of Nova Scotia's Wentworth Valley

ski hill to the very top, and then from the top to the bottom, along a winding and gently sloping path. It was a sunny day, there were birds in the trees, cheerful sounds of people all around — and I made it all the way down. I was bathed in sweat by the time I finished the run, not from exertion but from excitement and tension.

There were still a few more things for my Adult Ski Instructor to teach me. There were fancier turns to practise, steeper slopes to experience, new ways to go faster without ever being more than a couple of seconds away from being able to come to a dead halt.

The miracle, for me, was that I was becoming one of the minority. Winter was suddenly something to look forward to almost as much as summer. I couldn't wait for the snow to fly. I eagerly swapped stories with others about how many inches had fallen here, how deep a base had built up in northern New Brunswick.

Perhaps I've now become an extremist. Being in the sun and the snow, surrounded by pines and spruce, looking out over valleys or mountains of the St. Lawrence (as in Mont Ste. Anne near Quebec City) or the ocean (as at Cape Breton's wonderful Cape Smokey) is spectacular. At a picnic on a fallen tree beside a ski run, a glass of ordinary white wine tastes like one of France's finest. Coming down a hill on wonderful snow is thrilling but not frightening — because your Adult Ski Instructor has shown you how to be in control at all times, able to stop if you have to and unworried about what would happen in a fall.

The point is: if I can do this, so can absolutely anyone. If I can learn how to ski without trauma or difficulty, anyone can.

The secret, I have since learned, is often missed by adult beginners: it is the Adult Ski Instructor. This is a person who has been trained how to teach others to ski, not someone who just happens to know how to ski. More important, that someone has taught other adults how to do it and is not someone whose teaching has been limited to young people who can easily master new athletic skills. Every ski hill in Atlantic Canada has appropriate adult instructors at their ski school.

Don't let any previous experience of winter be a deterrent. Skiers are really on to something. Find a skiing friend, get yourself out to one of our Atlantic ski hills, rent yourself the basic equipment and line up an Adult Ski Instructor. Your attitude towards winter will never be the same.

— James Lorimer



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FEEDBACK

Further success stories

I enjoyed the article by Hans Durstling, *The Germans of Port Elgin* (Oct. '86). Such an article really illustrates the regional flavor of your publication and substantiates its *raison d'être*. I found it unfortunate, however, that the article omitted so many other success stories in that area worthy of mention: the Erbens of Oulton's Corner (huge piggery) and the Rosswogs of Tidnish Road (beef farm and hair salon), just to mention two. And then there are the Germans of the Tatamagouche, N.S., area: the Josts of Malagash (Jost Vineyards), the Muellers in the village of Denmark (The Pork Shop, The Bavarian Garden Restaurant) and the Hoettens of Tatamagouche (Balmoral Motel & Dining Room), again, just to mention a few.

Morris J. Haagg, Q.C.
Amherst, N.S.

Looking for earthquake memories

Atlantic Insight had a story on earthquakes on the East Coast earlier this year, *Earthquake! it happens here* (Jan. '86) that told of the devastating earthquake of Nov. 18, 1929 which hit Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. I'm doing a research project for the Geological Survey of Canada on the effects of this earthquake. Unfortunately there were only a few early

instruments available in 1929 to record this event and the best information may be in people's memories. Felt aftershocks apparently occurred in early December 1929, in early February 1930 and possibly at other times in this immediate period. In addition, the main shock caused a tsunami or tidal wave that was observed in part of Nova Scotia.

If I may, I would like to appeal to readers who may have personal recollections of this event from as many different Nova Scotian communities as possible to try and gauge the felt magnitude over all of Nova Scotia. We have used newspaper accounts of the day, but we find some papers are missing. For example, we can find no copies of the *Canso Breeze* of the day and the whole area of eastern Nova Scotia is unrepresented in our reports. Our address is 5112 Prince St., Box 41, Stn. M., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2L4.

Alan Ruffman, President
Geomarine Associates Ltd.
Halifax

We can share the software market

As a Maritimer interested in the region's prosperity and particularly as a computer scientist, I was intrigued to see the article *Pots of gold in the software trade: they don't exist* (Sept. '86). My sympathy goes out to Jim Haliburton,

Mike Edwards and Jim Miller for the seemingly mediocre results they have obtained for their software development efforts. All of the reasons cited for this apparent lack of success are true: the cost of software development is high; Nova Scotia is somewhat removed from the major markets; we have little experience marketing software products outside of the Maritimes; and until recently we have not had to specialize in vertical markets.

However, the worldwide markets for computer software are expanding at the present time. So as Maritimers we have a choice: we can cast our eyes downward and claim that because of our handicaps, we are doomed to failure; or we can look up and outward to discover how the markets function and what our specialties are. Never will the Maritimes dominate the world's software markets, but today there is every reason to believe that we can have a reasonable share of those markets.

Having lived and travelled in various parts of Canada and the U.S., I can say that Maritimers have one essential quality for success: a strong backbone — having had to struggle and survive without many of the advantages that residents of places like Ontario take for granted, we have developed a certain strength of character, an inner drive, a work ethic that often makes our products and services stand out in world markets. It is no coincidence that Maritimers in other places often move to the top of their organizations. So, it's good to see that Jim Haliburton has not given up. I firmly believe that the experience from his failed attempts will ensure his success in getting software products to world markets the next time that he tries. Persistence in the marketplace always opens doors.

Andrew Patterson
Waterloo, Ont.

Chernobyl fallout

I have just read Harry Bruce's column about the Western media and the Chernobyl disaster, *A reason to blush: or, how truth took a radiation bath* (July '86). I take serious objection to Mr. Bruce's holier than thou attitude to the actions of those journalists who covered what was a very difficult story. Granted, exaggerations crept in and perhaps they were serious, but without the work of those journalists things might today be very different.

Several days after we became aware of the disaster, we telephoned our son who was studying in Leningrad. We were the first people to tell him and his 20-odd fellow Canadian students about the disaster. The following day it received one inch of space in *Pravda*. Would the Russian people ever have known about it without pressure from the West? Our son doubts it! Another young friend was working in Holland at the time and tells us that because information became

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available via the media, the Dutch (who were in the direct path of the first radiation cloud) were able to destroy enormous quantities of contaminated vegetables and fruit which might otherwise have been eaten.

Does Harry Bruce think that the Soviets would have been as open about the disaster at the recent European conference had they not been forced into it by the Western media? Why does he think they are now being so open about the far less serious marine accident in the Black Sea? As it is now becoming obvious, the long-term effects of the Chernobyl accident are more serious than anyone speculated at the time. Unfortunately, because of the nature of the damage by nuclear radiation, the final toll from this accident will be far worse than any journalist suggested. It is also possible that the Russian people living in the Chernobyl and Kiev area are now getting much better care than they would have done had not the eyes of the world been turned on them. Well done the Western media, I say.

Anne West
Halifax

Helping single mothers

Thank you for your article *Single mothers, poor kids*, in the October issue. The truth is hard to accept and I certainly would like to close the magazine and forget about the article, but I just can't. Is the cause one without a solution? How

do you obtain good-paying positions for women when they're so scarce? What happens to poorly nourished moms and children. Will we have a generation of unhealthy youth who can't work? How could two doctors sleep when they pay only \$5.50 an hour to office staff? My questions go on.

The city areas are focused upon in the article but rural women are just as much a concern. In Amherst we hope to establish a transition house. But is the choice after that poverty for these women?

I recently bought and renovated an apartment house and my target tenants are low-income single parent families. As a landlord I supply a three-bedroom for \$300 a month. This includes heat, garbage removal, hot water and cable T.V. service. This allows me to just barely make my payments and pay the expenses. This still does not allow the tenant much for food after they pay for their power and phone. They manage but I am concerned for the type of foods they eat. And what about a "Christmas"?

The difference between them and me is I have a good job. But even so I have to budget because as a single parent with three children I know all about "one parent responsibility." These women have to solve a very big problem and I think that we women who can help them should help.

May I encourage you to carry another article about women helping women so that these women can realize there is

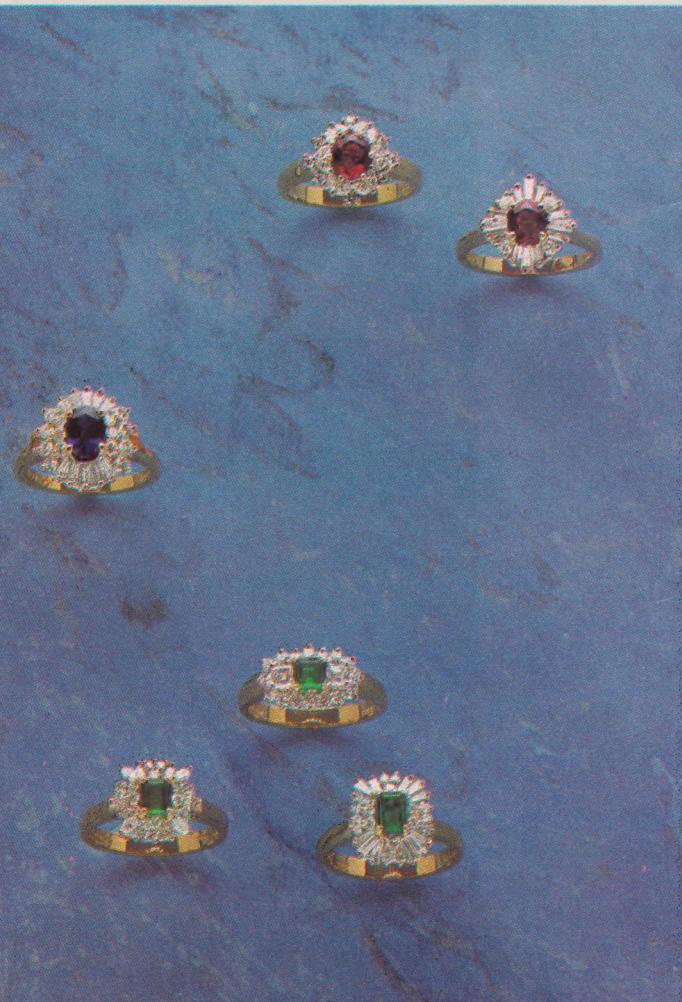
hope? Not only that, there are women in a position to help but they are not yet involved. Your article should end with the statement — Look at yourself! Can you help just one woman and her family help themselves. Let the caring begin now!!

Pam Harrison
Amherst, N.S.

Rita MacNeil triumphs at Expo

I would like to inform your readers about Rita MacNeil's triumph at Expo 86. Being a transplanted Atlantic Canadian from Newfoundland, I was naturally curious about this lady from Cape Breton about whom I had read in *Atlantic Insight, Rita MacNeil's journey to stardom*, (Dec. '85) and saw on the *Journal*. Not only did I enjoy the first concert but I couldn't resist the urge to keep going back to listen to her time and time again. After every concert, and some were as early as noon, she got a standing ovation and was brought back for an encore. Denny Boyd, a columnist with the *Vancouver Sun* gave her a glowing review under the heading, "Rita with the crystal voice, a native star in the making!" (*Vancouver Sun*, Aug. 20). Everyone who went to see her was simply enthralled. Boyd said, and I agree: "Somewhere down the line there should be an Order of Canada for Rita MacNeil, for all that she has done to illuminate her part of our nation."

Clifford Butt
Vancouver, B.C.



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Irving and the CBC try to solve an old complaint

Full CBC-TV service may come to New Brunswick at last. The Irvings will carry it on their CHSJ channel — if they can start a new network as part of the deal. There's a kink: ATV objects

by Richard Starr

It doesn't rank with time-honored Maritime complaints like freight subsidies and tariffs, but lousy television is a venerable lament in New Brunswick — the only province in Canada without full programming on the CBC-TV network. Premier Richard Hatfield has gone to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) a half-dozen times to make a pitch for better CBC service. A frustrated MP at a CRTC hearing in Fredericton once captured the mood: "We're sick and tired of being the cesspool for all the crap of the broadcasting industry."

Now, after 20 years of wrangling, a solution may be in sight with a plan by the Irving conglomerate to carry full CBC programming on its CHSJ-TV station provided it is allowed to set up a new private

television network based in Halifax. If this sounds too good to be true, there is a fly in the ointment. The existing private network, ATV, is objecting strenuously.

Saint John-based CHSJ-TV was considered part of the problem, rather than part of the solution, until now. Owned by the Irving interests through New Brunswick Broadcasting Co. Ltd., CHSJ is a CBC affiliate — which means it's required to carry only some of the programs provided by the CBC network. Thus *The National*, *Hockey Night in Canada* and *Seeing Things*, for example, are run regularly, but many other CBC programs are either shown at off-peak times to make way for more lucrative programming in terms of ad revenue or they're not carried at all. A total of 500 hours a year of CBC programming is missing from CHSJ, including some children's shows,

arts programs and the network's highly rated *Midday*.

Critics also complain that not having a CBC station has helped make New Brunswick "the least-known province in Canada." An incident that still grates: in 1977 a three-and-a-half hour, \$500,000 Canada Day TV extravaganza boasted live inserts from nine provinces and the Northwest Territories. But there was nothing from New Brunswick — no mobile unit was available.

The CBC had been keen to solve the problem back in the late 1960s by setting up stations in New Brunswick. But the CRTC turned that down, suggesting the CBC buy out CHSJ instead. CHSJ wasn't for sale and the buck was passed back to CBC to find a solution. By that time budgetary cutbacks had left the corporation too strapped to carry out its earlier intentions.

The stalemate continued until New Brunswick Broadcasting came up with its plan earlier this year: in exchange for a licence to provide a Halifax-based independent service with transmitters in Saint John, Fredericton and Moncton, the company will carry a full slate of CBC programming on the CHSJ grid.

It's interesting to note that in trying to establish the new station — to be called MITV for Maritime Independent Television — the Irvings don't have to worry



about the formerly controversial issue of concentration of media ownership. The Mulroney government has taken care of that. In 1982, the Liberal cabinet directed the CRTC not to renew broadcasting licences for companies owning newspapers in the same area. That applied in spades to the Irvings, who in addition to CHSJ, own all of New Brunswick's English-language daily newspapers.

In 1983, the CRTC declared CHSJ ineligible for licence renewal and gave the company until 1986 to find someone else to operate its broadcasting facilities. The Irvings went to court to fight the order, but a final showdown was averted when the federal cabinet quashed the directive in 1985 without explanation. That cleared the way not only for New Brunswick Broadcasting to hold on to its existing licences, but also to bring forward its MITV proposal.

MITV has the support of the New Brunswick government, which sees it as the only practical way of getting full CBC service into the province. And after some hesitation, CBC is backing it as well, even though competition from MITV could cost the corporation \$1 million a year in advertising.

The CBC's support is somewhat ironic. Thanks to the recent re-allocation of two VHF (very high frequency) channels from the United States, corporation engineers have figured out how to serve the whole province for about a third of the prohibitively expensive \$30-million

In trying to establish a new station, MITV, the Irvings don't have to worry about concentration of media ownership. A 1985 Mulroney cabinet directive cleared the way

price tag they'd been faced with in the past. And says Malcolm Daigneault, the CBC's New Brunswick manager, studies show a CBC-owned station could sell enough advertising in New Brunswick to exceed its operating costs by some \$2 million a year. However, an initial investment of \$10 to \$13 million would still be needed "and CBC would be hard put right now to find the money." So hard put that it's supporting the MITV application instead.

But MITV also faces a number of obstacles. For starters, they plan to broad-

cast on the relatively unfamiliar UHF, or ultra-high frequency band. For people who don't have cable, that will mean becoming accustomed to using the second dial on the set for tuning, and the round wire on the back of the TV set to clear up the signal. New Brunswick Broadcasting president Ken Clark has expressed confidence that viewers will adapt.

A more serious problem is opposition from MITV's potential competitor, the Atlantic Television System, operators of ATV and the Atlantic Satellite Network. This is the second time the Irving interests have applied to establish an independent network. In 1982, they were rebuffed because the CRTC thought the Maritime market would not support an additional private commercial service. ATV president Fred Sherratt says it still will not, and he told the CRTC hearing in September that if MITV is licensed, ATV will have to close an affiliate station in Sydney. "That would be too high a price to pay for the approval of this application," he says.

If the CRTC ends up agreeing with Fred Sherratt and turning MITV down, the buck will probably be passed back to the CBC. "I will then be pressing within the system for our own station," says Daigneault. And with some new channels and bullish estimates of advertising revenues, he'll be pressing with a strong case. One way or the other, New Brunswickers' chances of seeing full CBC programming on their TV screens in the near future are looking better than they have in years.



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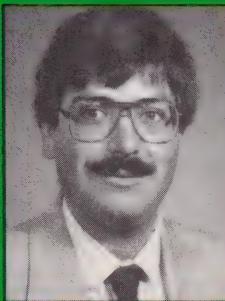
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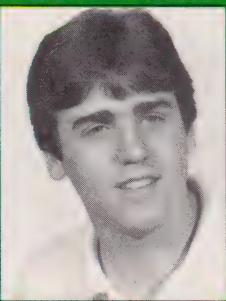
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Tories and women's issues: an advisory council's troubles

Nova Scotia's council on the status of women was never taken seriously by the government it advised. Then the president quit in protest, and the women's community rallied together

by Sue MacLeod

This fall, Francene Cosman made what's considered by many her most important move as president of the Nova Scotia Advisory Council on the Status of Women — she quit. Cosman, a former mayor of Bedford, N.S., and a known Tory supporter, was appointed to the \$37,500-a-year job by Premier John Buchanan in 1982. But in the middle of her second three-year term she walked out in protest, saying that the council was "basically ineffective" and she was tired of trying to prod Buchanan's Tories into action on women's issues.

The fourth president in the council's nine-year history and the fourth to resign part-way through a term, Cosman said the council lacked research resources and didn't have enough independence. But most of all it lacked clout — she presented more than 30 briefs and position papers to government, but saw little or no action. It was even "very difficult to get any kind of response," she says.

In the women's community, where the council has been criticized and, many say, "written off" for years, the resignation has been seen as an indication of the degree of government disinterest. "Francene Cosman has not been particularly viewed as a feminist herself," notes Halifax lawyer Gretchen Pohlkamp, adding that it's sobering "to find out that she is this frustrated."

For all Nova Scotians, Cosman's parting shots have raised a question — why spend \$250,000 a year on a council that's been called a waste of taxpayers' money by virtually everyone concerned? But for those involved in women's issues the most crucial question is how to make the council more effective, or create a meaningful alternative.

The council was established by the Liberal government of former premier Gerald Regan in 1977. Like similar councils across the country, its mandate is to advise the government on women's issues, theoretically assuring them a voice in policy-making. Like the others, the Nova Scotia council has struggled with the limitations of its purely advisory role, but has been additionally encumbered by the fact that it doesn't even control its own funds — it must still ask government if it can initiate this or that project.

Women's groups have reservations about the usefulness of such a council,

and they want a stronger voice in policy-making. Despite apparent gains by the women's movement, they say, women's issues are still pressing. Joan Brown Hicks of Halifax says women are still "working out in the trenches" on "specific but connected" issues including day care, housing, domestic violence, media violence and pornography, poverty, health and women's employment — which takes in things like equal pay, pensions, the impact of microtechnology on the workforce, rights of part-time workers and the needs of working parents. Hicks, who just spent two years as national president of the Canadian Congress for Learning Opportunities for Women, says these "overlap into issues like ecology, and peace," which are often associated with the women's community too.

In the wake of Cosman's resignation a committee of women from various

groups organized a public forum in Halifax (another was held in Sydney) in late October. At the Halifax meeting a plan emerged to form a province-wide coalition of women's groups to work independently of government. Organizations like this exist elsewhere with funding from federal and, to varying degrees, provincial sources. (In Quebec, for example, the province provides funding for more than 100 women's centres.) The consensus at the Halifax forum was that the new coalition could lobby on women's issues along with the advisory council or instead of it, depending on whether or not the council can be made more effective.

Earlier the Halifax group had met with Labor Minister Brian Young, who's responsible for the council, and had questioned the present system of political appointments for the council's president and 14-member board and asked for a re-evaluation of its structure, with input to come from Nova Scotia women. Gretchen Pohlkamp, who's involved with the Nova Scotia Association of Women and the Law, was one of the group. She says Young agreed to the need for a restructuring but, angered by some of their comments, he accused the non-partisan group of including "NDPers" with no right to "shout about political appointees." He went on to tell reporters that he didn't think "NDP women are any smarter than other women."

Controversy over the council was still hot when Francene Cosman came under fire for political opportunism — within weeks of her resignation she teamed up with the provincial Liberals by accepting the unpaid job of chairing a new Liberal task force on women's concerns.

Cosman, who admits that she first went to the advisory council with no background in women's issues, so far remains something of an enigma. Is she a dedicated convert to the women's cause or, as is more often suggested, a political opportunist? As council president she was often called ineffective, but many also give her credit as a fast learner who worked hard in an exceedingly trying situation.



Cosman: the advisory council is "basically ineffective" and has no clout

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In what seemed a hostile act loaded with irony, the Tories cut off the child care expense allowance for council members attending meetings

She describes the "demeaning" position of council having to ask permission to get its hands on its own funds — for a project or to commission a study, for example — and then having to lobby for a reversal if permission was refused. And she says it became difficult to give educated advice. "For four years in a row the council put the position of researcher into the budget," she explains, "and for four years in a row it was left out or frozen. It wasn't a critical amount of money," she adds. "It had to represent an attitude of control."

It isn't the first time the Conservative government has been accused of showing disrespect for women's concerns through their treatment of the council. On one occasion the position of president stood empty for more than six months, staff and board positions have remained unfilled for extended periods and the number of meetings has been cut by government from eight a year to five. Three years ago, in what seemed to some to be a hostile act loaded with irony, the government cut off the child care expense allowance for board members attending meetings.

All the while the council operated far under budget because of the difficulties involved in getting permission to use its funds. At the end of last year the council turned \$50,000 back to the government.

Cosman said she hoped her leaving would serve as "a catalyst for change," and it does appear to have brought things to a head, leading to the formation of a province-wide coalition. And the women's community continues to address the question of where the council ought to go from here. "If the government isn't going to listen, the government isn't going to listen," says Gretchen Pohlkamp. Therefore, she emphasizes that women need a system set up so that "no matter what government is in and what their attitudes are" they won't be able to ignore women's issues.

Aldicarb in the wells: more worries about farm chemicals

Another problem with pesticides on the Island has stirred up worries about farm chemicals. Farmers feel they have no choice but to use them. Others call for alternative forms of farming

by Kathy Large

Kathleen Blanchard of Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., is at loose ends. Her family's drinking water has been found to contain small quantities of a deadly chemical called aldicarb, the runoff from a nearby potato field where Temik, the insecticide containing the chemical, has been applied.

"It's scary," says Blanchard. She isn't sure what she's going to do because provincial health officials told her — and other families with aldicarb in their wells — to stop drinking the water and then, three weeks later, said that it was safe.

The confusion was a result of a controversy over a new health study released in Wisconsin suggesting that small amounts of aldicarb in drinking water can affect the human immune system. Canadian health officials now call that study incomplete and scientifically inconclusive, pointing out that it's a preliminary study based on only a few examples.

That doesn't make Blanchard feel any better. She points out that chemical horror stories usually start with "preliminary studies."

Aldicarb is considered hazardous enough that Temik is sold by its manufacturer, Union Carbide, only in granular form to guard against liquid spills and accidents associated with spraying.

But that hasn't kept it from getting into Kathleen Blanchard's water, or that of other families who live beside fields where the insecticide is being used. In a series of tests done on 103 of these farm wells, P.E.I. health officials found aldicarb in some 20 of them and warned the people not to drink the water until the Wisconsin study was evaluated by the federal government. The federal safety standard for aldicarb in drinking water (established in October as a result of the P.E.I. situation) is nine part per billion, slightly more stringent than the American standard. The highest amount found in the wells was seven parts per billion.

Temik has shown up a couple of times in the last five years in regular tests done by Health and Welfare Canada on P.E.I.

potatoes, although the level was far below what the government considers dangerous, and the potatoes weren't taken off the market.

The Temik affair has once again focused public attention on the issue of agricultural chemicals in this farming province where several hundred such chemicals are used. One survey in 1982 showed that 11 different chemicals may be applied to a single crop of potatoes. They range from relatively low-hazard fungicides that prevent potato diseases to herbicides (one of which, 2,4-D, has recently been put on suspension in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick while yet another health study is evaluated) to insecticides, considered the most hazardous of all.



The Blanchards bring in water though officials say the wells are safe

of medication and time, but the experience left him shaken. "I think of it every time I go near that field. It's not only Phosdrin," he says. "The accident was just a combination of circumstances — it was a hot day so the pores in my skin were open, and I rubbed it in. But I'm sure any other insecticide could do the same. I have stuff that's supposed to be more potent. It takes less to kill the bugs so it must be stronger."

But Mosher, like other farmers, feels he has little choice about using chemicals. The consumer wants high-quality produce, and is willing to pay a premium to get it.

On the other hand, health studies have looked at growing concerns about hazards in the food supply, as well as the dangers that farmers themselves face in their prolonged exposure to the chemicals. The suspension of the use of 2,4-D in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was prompted by a study released last summer in Kansas that suggests that constant users of the herbicide are eight times more likely to develop a rare form of lymphatic cancer than others. An Island official says no action is planned on 2,4-D in P.E.I. right away because no herbicide is used at this time of year, and the Canadian evaluation will be available before spring.

The Poison Control Centre at Charlottetown's Queen Elizabeth Hospital has recorded only four cases relating to farm chemicals this year. But that's only a small indication of the health effects. Many cases of mild poisoning of farmers are never reported because they show up with flu-like symptoms.

And many cases, health officials feel, are never medically connected to the offending chemical. One nurse describes her sister developing a severe rash, chest pain and swelling in her throat after a barbecue supper near a field that was being sprayed. A specialist was never able to pinpoint the cause of her sudden illness. However, the possible effects of the spray that was being used that evening also remain unknown.

And then there's the nagging fear that constant exposure, if only by casual contact, will lead in the long term to illnesses like cancer.

Elaine Harrison and Eleanor Wheeler live in Fernwood during the summer months. "We're right in the middle of a farming area," says Harrison. "Someone in every house here has died of cancer and Eleanor had an operation last year. I just can't believe the two things aren't connected. The spray planes were here nearly every day last summer and in years gone by."

Harrison, a retired teacher, says the answer is a different type of farming. "Today, what is insane is often considered right. The long-range effect of these chemicals just isn't known. I don't understand why people aren't getting upset about this in the same way they do about cigarette smokers polluting the air!"

Newspaper rivalry returns to St. John's. Will it last?

The *Sunday Express* has created excitement in newspaper circles in St. John's. But the ghost of the defunct *Daily News* is around, raising questions about the new paper's long-term prospects

by Ted Blades

On Sept. 28, over 15,000 people laid down 50 cents each for a new newspaper that hit the streets of St. John's. With the appearance of the *Sunday Express*, the good old days of St. John's as a sprightly newspaper town have returned.

Or have they? The *Express*, part of entrepreneur Harry Steele's widening media holdings in the Atlantic region, re-establishes newspaper competition in St. John's after two years without an alternative to the dominant *Evening Telegram*. But it still has hurdles to overcome before it is established as a local force.

For one thing, it's weekly. The plan is to upgrade it to a daily in a year or so at which point it would go head-to-head with the 38,000-circulation *Telegram*. However, going daily evokes the tattered ghost of the *Daily News*, a 90-year-old institution that went under two years ago. The ever-present question is: can the *Express* succeed where the *Daily News* failed?

Publisher and editor-in-chief Michael Harris, a former Atlantic bureau chief for the *Globe and Mail* and author of a recent book on Donald Marshall, admits that going daily "is fraught with economic consequences" and that many variables will have to be considered before the move is made.

But unlike its predecessor in its waning days, the *Sunday Express* is well-backed financially. When he sold Eastern Provincial Airways to CP Air for \$20 million in 1984, Harry Steele said he was going into the newspaper business. Since then he's bought the Robinson-Blackmore chain of 12 Newfoundland weeklies, acquired an 80 per cent share of the Halifax *Daily News* and now has started the *Sunday Express* with an investment of \$500,000. Through Newfoundland Capital Corporation, Steele also has holdings in trucking and other forms of transport, hotels, and radio stations — his latest acquisition being CFDR and Q-104 of Dartmouth.

Steele has no day-to-day involvement with his papers. "I'm not a newspaper guy," he says candidly. He feels that newspapers are less expensive to run, and perhaps more profitable, than trucking firms. However his competition is not a trucking firm, but the *Evening Telegram*,

which brings up the defunct and legendary *Daily News* again.

First published in 1894, the *Daily News* promised "reliable and racy accounts of our legislators and lawyers," and it delivered. For the first half of this century, the *Daily News* and the *Evening Telegram* were fierce rivals. Both were lively and well-written, and both sold a lot of papers.



Editor Harris says his paper won't be partisan

But in the late '50s the *Daily News* began to fall behind in both circulation and profits. The Crosbie family took it over in the mid-'60s and in 1971 Andrew Crosbie — brother of Transport Minister John Crosbie — decided to close down the paper. However, newspaper man and prominent Liberal Bill Callahan took over as publisher and persuaded Crosbie to give the paper one more chance. But things got worse. Circulation continued to fall, and the paper came under attack for its openly Liberal bias. In 1981 Callahan and 20 other *Daily News* employees bought the paper to save it from another impending shutdown.

In 1982 Callahan tried one last time to save the *Daily News*. He turned the paper into a tabloid with screaming headlines and lots of pictures. That didn't help either and in June 1984 the banks pulled the plug and the paper closed.

"I suppose the *Daily News* has given me much guidance," says Michael Harris, 38, a lean, handsome man with salt-and-pepper hair. "I know what I don't want it to look like. I don't want it to look like

the *Daily News*." Harris also wants it known that, unlike the *Daily News*, his paper will not be a partisan one. He'll take editorial stands "relative to the issues of the day, not relative to any political party," he says.

Harris predicts that the competition will increase public interest in both the *Express* and the *Telegram* and keep the two rivals on their toes.

Bill Callahan says the *Evening Telegram* needs a poke in the ribs. "They're not as sharp as they used to be, because they haven't had anyone competing for that 50 cents. Now, if Mike Harris comes out with a good, penetrating, investigative journalism kind of paper, that's going to cause the *Telegram* to sharpen up."

Despite his own disastrous experience, Bill Callahan thinks there's room for two papers in St. John's, but he thinks Harris and Steele are going about it in the wrong way.

"If it were me — and maybe this is why I'm not in the business anymore — and I had the money and the resources that Newfoundland Capital Corporation has, I wouldn't fool around with a weekly," says Callahan. "I'd go head-to-head with the *Telegram*."

But Callahan says the key to making a go of it is advertising. "No matter how much we journalists flatter ourselves, the stories we write don't pay much of the freight. And the banks have no particular patience with that. They want to see the money coming in."

So does Harry Steele. "We got out of the airline business because there's nobody in Canada making money at it," he says. "But there's money to be made in the newspaper business. Absolutely."

In fact, Steele is so confident that he's planning to expand beyond his eastern turf. "We're certainly going to be in the newspaper business outside Atlantic Canada in rapid-fire order." He won't say where, but "we're talking to people right now about buying existing papers outside of the region."

As Steele looks to the future, Michael Harris can't help being confronted by the past. Just one week after the debut of the *Sunday Express*, St. John's Rising Tide Theatre hit the stage with *The Daily News*, a play about the life and death of the former daily.

Towards the end of the play, as the creditors close in, Bill Callahan phones Harry Steele to ask for money (which apparently happened in reality), pleading with him to save the paper, but Steele turns him down. In the final scene — hastily re-written to make note of the new paper — the now-unemployed reporters clear out their desks and wonder aloud if a similar fate will befall the *Daily News*' spiritual descendant. And as the lights fade for the last time, one actor turns and bellows to the rafters, "Are you listening, Mr. Steele?"

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Atlantic Canada as a refuge for the persecuted

They've come to escape war and persecution. They're Eritreans, Salvadorans, Chileans and others. Some are doing better than others here. But what they all want is peace and justice at home

C

hatham, N.B., is a long way from El Salvador, but Roberto Garay, his wife Mila and their four children call it home. "We're not here because we want to, but we're forced by circumstances to come," says Garay, who arrived in Chatham in 1984 with his family after living in a Mexican refugee camp for over three years.

"It's so new and different here," he says. "It's such a disparity to come from a Third World country to a first world one. It's hard to believe you can be so well fed here."

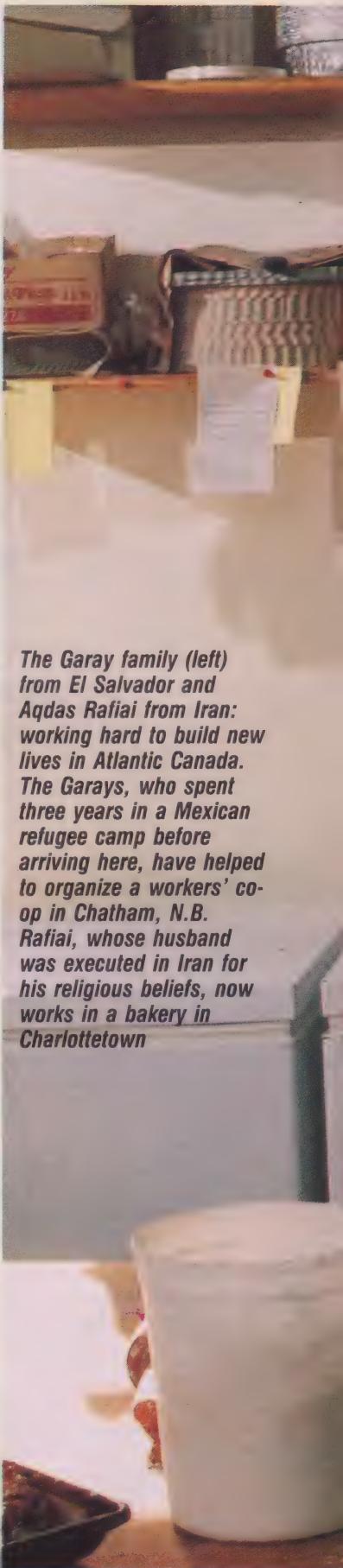
The affable Garay says his family is very comfortable in Canada. "It's the best thing that could ever happen to my wife and children. They remember the hardships of life at home." He's part of a workers' co-op and Mila cares for their young children. "She works harder than I do," he admits. The Garays find people in the Maritimes friendly and helpful and interested in learning about their background. "We speak all over the place. We show films and speak about our country."

Garay says that in El Salvador 86 per cent of the land belongs to two per cent of the people. The rest of the population is poor and without proper health or education facilities. The Garays left their country because of their work with co-ops, credit unions and the Roman Catholic Church. "When you work with the Church you take a stand to help people, and you get in trouble with the system."



Garay organized the workers' co-op with a few other Chatham residents. Thirty couples are now members. They are currently trying to get funding for a feasibility study into a potato storage plant. Garay says his work shows he is not blind to the problems of Canadians. "We're trying to organize our co-op because of understanding the situation here," he explains. "But there is no way to compare it with our country. Canadians should struggle for a better living but for us this is paradise. People will not die of a common cold here."

Garay says they would go back to El Salvador if things were different, if people had a chance to work and to have a decent life. But for now they are content to



The Garay family (left) from El Salvador and Aqdas Rafai from Iran: working hard to build new lives in Atlantic Canada. The Garays, who spent three years in a Mexican refugee camp before arriving here, have helped to organize a workers' co-op in Chatham, N.B. Rafai, whose husband was executed in Iran for his religious beliefs, now works in a bakery in Charlottetown



GORD JOHNSTON

remain Chatham's only Latin American family. "In a way we miss speaking Spanish, but you have to face circumstances. We mingle. It's more of a challenge."

Aqdas Rafiai is an Iranian woman who immigrated to Prince Edward Island two years ago. Her husband was executed in Iran by the revolutionary guard four years earlier. His only crime, she says, was that he was a follower of the Bahai faith, a religion not tolerated in Iran today. She says she decided to leave the country after the guard searched her apartment and imprisoned her for three days. She travelled to Pakistan by motorcycle and then with the aid of the United Nations came to Canada.

Rafiai now works in a bakery in Charlottetown. Her sons are students there. She says they like P.E.I. because it's small and friendly. "Canada is my home now. I might move to another province but I cannot return to my country."

As a Bahai, Rafiai sees herself as part of a peace-loving, equal, international community. "I have Canadian friends and Iranian friends."

Like Rafiai, Nada Mirzaagha, who lives in Summerside with her husband and young son, says her Bahai faith helps her adapt. "Everywhere we go is like our home. People are friendly, good and helpful."

The Mirzaagha family spent five years in India before coming to Canada as immigrants. Nada Mirzaagha says she had never heard of Prince Edward Island and knew nothing about it when she arrived. Neither she nor her husband has a job right now but they are not worried. "My husband worked in a factory and then he did some construction. He will do anything."

Rafiai, the Mirzaaghahs and the Garays are only a small part of that larger movement of people in the world fleeing persecution. Although the numbers who come to Atlantic Canada are not large (1,500 new immigrants in 1985, and only a part of those refugees from tyranny and injustice) there are Iranians, Chileans, Poles, Eritreans, Salvadorans, Lebanese and others from the world's trouble spots either scattered in small places throughout the region or gathered in little communities in Halifax. Because of the influx of Polish people during the last few years, Europeans continue to dominate. Asians are the second-largest group, largely as a result of the arrival of Vietnamese "boat people" here seven years ago.

Some move on to larger centres where chances of employment are greater and where there are established immigrant communities, but others settle in and make the Atlantic Provinces their home. Gary MacDonald of the Metropolitan Immigrants Settlement Association (MISA) in Halifax says most new immigrants find the area to be a good place to live. The pull of home, however, remains strong. "Even people who have been here for some

SPECIAL REPORT

time — established with a job and family — would go back tomorrow if they could."

It's hardly surprising so many immigrants would prefer to return to their homeland. Coming here is not always a matter of choice. When a lifeboat carrying 155 Sri Lankan Tamil refugees was found drifting off the coast of Newfoundland last August, Canadians were reminded once again that their country is not an attraction only to affluent Europeans wanting to farm or to Asian business people looking for good investments. Canada is, as it always has been, a refuge for the victims of war, tyranny and religious intolerance. Among the objectives of Canada's immigration policy is to uphold the country's "humanitarian tradition with respect to the displaced and the persecuted." Canada is seen throughout the world as a land of peace and of opportunity, a place where a family whose future has been placed in jeopardy due to troubles in its homeland could begin to pick up the pieces.

Halifax lawyer Bill Powroz, an immigration expert, says although there's still a continuing flow of immigrants to the area, many have a hard time getting accepted as genuine refugees. He says he has one rule of thumb: "It's relatively easy if you're from a communist country to be declared a refugee outright or on humanitarian grounds. If you're fleeing a right-wing country you make damn sure you do a lot of preparation." Powroz says when a Cuban jumps a fishing boat he can meet him for lunch just prior to an afternoon hearing. "If they're from Chile, El Salvador or Guatemala, I spend weeks preparing the case."

Max Wolfe, a lawyer in Jemseg, N.B., agrees. "There's been a marked difference in attitude since the federal government changed." Wolfe was involved in the "overland railroad" — a system that helps Latin Americans find refuge in North America. A network of people in the United States formed a sanctuary movement to offer assistance to illegal refugees fleeing Latin America's military regimes. Their work resulted in many being charged, in the U.S., with harboring illegal aliens. Wolfe worked the Canadian side of the border, helping some people on the run in the U.S. come into Canada. He says last year two people came from the States into New Brunswick with hopes of getting legal status, one of them a political refugee who had death squads after him in Guatemala. "His tale was harrowing."

He adds that people get a real satisfaction knowing they are helping, but that it is difficult to organize. "Basically we need a group of people who could make bureaucratic wheels turn. They need help to get jobs, learn English, get medicare and a place to stay. That's not easy."

Both Latin Americans have since left New Brunswick, he says, with hopes of finding employment in Toronto.

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Immigrants like these often bring fears with them from their homeland. Some refused to have their photographs included with this article. One Latin American who lives with her child in a small Cape Breton community asked that her name and nationality not be used. "I would like to be very honest but I am afraid to attract publicity." The fear, although perhaps unnecessary so far from home, comes from living in a military regime. The woman's husband was killed by government forces in their country.

"Many are amazed they can walk safely down the streets," says MISA's Gary MacDonald. MISA helps immigrants get adjusted and provides translation and counselling services. Although their first stop is a government-

a business. The next generation becomes tradesmen and professionals."

Phu Ninh, the young president of the Vietnamese Association of Halifax, says immigrants who have professions don't expect to find jobs in their field when they first come to Canada, but often it takes several years. Ninh says many Vietnamese people work as taxi drivers, cooks, dishwashers and kitchen helpers. "We didn't expect such low-paying jobs," he says. "But we accept it. We are hard-working people." Ninh was one of the lucky ones. A third-year engineering student, he recently worked for six months on an oil rig.

Ninh was a student in Vietnam but didn't want to be drafted into the army. He left the country by himself at the age



JOHN DAVIS

Learning English as a second language: a first step for many immigrants

sponsored English-language training class, many still have problems getting settled. "Their major problem is loneliness from being cut off from families and their own culture and not being able to go back to their own country."

He adds, "A lot of people don't realize immigrants are still coming in. They didn't come here of their own choice. For some the chances of arriving with anything is remote. Most have plastic bags with T-shirts in them."

In Cape Breton, Nellie Jauregui, who left her native Chile after the 1973 coup d'état that overthrew Salvador Allende, is organizing an "international friendship house" to act as an umbrella organization for cultural groups on the island.

"The main idea is that immigrants are isolated in a new land. They're uncomfortable because they don't speak the language well or at all." Unlike some immigrants such as the Garays of Chatham, Jauregui finds that local people just don't care. "Because the economic situation is tough, they think immigrants take over."

Bill Powroz agrees that the myth that immigrants take away Canadians' jobs is a common one. "But study after study has proven immigration leads to a net increase in jobs," says Powroz. "The first generation works at anything. They accumulate capital and the kids go to school. They start

of 21. On his third attempt to leave, he succeeded in getting to Malaysia by boat. Ninh says he doesn't like talking about those days. "I have a lot of memories but I want to forget," he says. "I want to look after the future."

Ninh says he likes Canada but both the language barrier and the weather made life difficult for a while. "It was a shock to come here, but we endured it."

Ninh says life is especially difficult for old people. Some, he says, don't ever learn to speak English and so spend much of their time indoors. The Vietnamese community has increased greatly since the arrival in 1979 of hundreds of "boat people" who were sponsored by local church and community groups. Some have since moved on to bigger centres, but Halifax still has a community of about 500. Ninh says the Vietnamese tend to stick together and many live in the same apartment buildings. But immigrants in the Atlantic region tend not to form visible communities as they do in larger centres like Toronto and Vancouver.

Bill Powroz says even in the past when there have been large ethnic groups, they did not congregate. "You don't walk down the street and see a Lebanese or Polish community."

Although scattered about the area, the Polish population is growing. According to Lydia Tyszko, the Polish chaplain for

Halifax, there are about 700 Poles in the city now.

Krystian Szczesny came from Poland four years ago with his wife and children. He had just completed his medical studies but upon arrival in Canada began to work as a cleaner in a hospital. The job lasted two years until he could begin his work to become a practising doctor in Canada.

Szczesny, who now interns at a Halifax hospital, says he knew nothing about the area when he came. "I knew Halifax was a port city and I knew Nova Scotia was small." Unlike people from some other countries Szczesny did not have to leave Poland. "It was our choice. If anything goes wrong, it's my own fault."

Szczesny says he left because he was tired of everything. "The salary is so low there you have to work at two jobs to make enough to make a living. We were always waiting in lines for everything." His family got passports for a trip to Austria and left with only two suitcases.

Szczesny and his wife try to maintain Polish culture for their children, both of whom take Polish lessons on Saturdays and the older of the two performs in a Polish dance group. Szczesny says children adapt well. "Other children in school are interested in their name and the fact they have been to Europe."

But some ethnic groups don't do as well. People who work with immigrants agree: non-whites have a harder time because they stand out in the community.

Balai Iassu left his native Eritrea five years ago, spent three years in Italy and then came to Canada. At home he worked as a shipping company accountant but says he never expected to find a job here doing that. Iassu first worked as a waiter and then became part-owner of a small corner store.

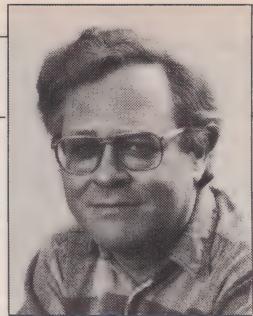
Iassu says he faces many problems. "If you are black you are one of the humiliated people. They think if you come from Africa, you come from the jungle." Iassu says people treat him like he knows nothing and when he goes out to a bar he can't talk to anyone.

Iassu left home because of the war between Eritrea and Ethiopia. "I am stateless. I have no choice. I pray for peace always to come to my country. One day it will be over."

He says after he was in Canada for three weeks he tried to return but didn't have the air fare. He and a few other local Eritreans work together as part of the national Eritrean Relief Association but he finds people disinterested with the issues of his country. Unlike the Vietnamese and the Poles, an Eritrean in Halifax can feel quite isolated.

Although their experiences vary, most new immigrants who come here out of necessity feel they're better off than they would be in their homeland. But because of language barriers, employment problems and the loneliness that goes with being far from home, life is not easy. They are, however, prepared to deal with the problems because going home is rarely an option.

How to almost offend against the morals of public life



Nova Scotia Tories have sent me a letter to prove that, if they're good for nothing else, they're wonderful at turning the other cheek. I recently used this space to lash the John Buchanan government not only for driving Nova Scotia to what many fear is the edge of bankruptcy but also for Buchanan's ludicrous boast that the province has won \$10 million worth of international publicity by sinking \$1.25 million of taxpayers' money into the construction of an America's Cup yacht that proved too sluggish to compete.

But bluenose Tories have forgiven me my nastiness. Or perhaps they thought I was merely joshing. They sent me a letter that suggests they believe that, in my heart of hearts, I am really the sort of fellow who has always wanted to participate in "the democratic process in our province" by giving money to something called the "P.C. Nova Scotia Fund." How did they discover that I was a secret admirer of ministerial gay-bashing, denying welfare cheques to impoverished single fathers and the amassing of a huge public debt? For that matter, how did they get my address? Whose mailing list did they buy?

"We are at a unique and challenging point in the Party's history," the letter warmly confides. Well, that's certainly one way of putting it. Another way to put it is to say that if the party is at a unique and challenging point in its history, so was the *Hindenburg* on May 6, 1937. Still another way to put it is to suggest that many Nova Scotians now regard their Tory government as a gang of gazoonies, and pray for an election so they can drive the rascals out.

Or you could even put it this way: the tired Tory government has been deteriorating for eight years and recently scraped rock-bottom, with one cabinet minister, Billy Joe MacLean, convicted of using forged documents to falsely claim nearly \$22,000 in expenses; and other ministers breaking all the rules of cabinet solidarity by publicly declaring that they'd disagreed all along with a controversial government decision last February to cut funding to the legal aid clinic at Dalhousie University.

Buchanan's reaction to the conviction and resignation of his crony Billy Joe wasn't unique and challenging, it was merely hilarious and revealing. Yes, he conceded, Billy Joe's trouble had "given me a lot of concern I'd just as soon not had. I'd had a lot of concerns, but it is one of the worst, no question about it." No, he allowed, the episode was not over,

"And it shouldn't end that quickly because it's a matter that goes *almost* to the very morals of political life." To what crimes must a politician stoop to go *all the way* to the very morals of political life? Assassination? Kidnapping? Mere blackmail?

Buchanan reprimanded the chaps who'd broken ranks over the legal aid clinic, and a couple of them sheepishly asserted that they now backed *all* cabinet decisions. But it was natural to suppose that one or more of them wanted his job. The smell of ambition among some cabinet ministers has recently become as strong as the smell downwind from a paper mill.

Thanks a lot, Honest John. If you are trustworthy, God help Nova Scotia if it ever gets an untrustworthy premier

Jim Meek, writing in the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*, said, "With MLAs in court and brave young ministers straining at the bit and breaking cabinet solidarity, Mr. Buchanan could not be blamed for bowing out — gracefully." Meek decided, however, that Buchanan would choose to fight the next election because "he is one of those fortunate politicians who remains untainted in the public eye by the corruption surrounding him... My suspicion is that Mr. Buchanan rates high for 'trustworthiness.'"

Trustworthy, eh?

John Buchanan won the election of '78 with promises to reduce unemployment, and to replace the shameful extravagance of the Liberals with a new era of fiscal responsibility and balanced budgets. He had eight years to deliver on those two big promises. How's he done? Well, on both scores, 1978 looks like Camelot compared to the mid-'80s. When Buchanan came to power unemployment in Nova Scotia stood at 10.5 per cent; last year it averaged 13.8 per cent. How's that, for reducing unemployment? The spending picture is even worse.

In fiscal 1977-78, Nova Scotia's net direct debt stood at \$507 million. After eight years of management by "Honest John's" austerity-conscious Tories, the net debt is a sickening \$3.4 billion. The debt grew by no less than \$468 million in fiscal 1985-86 alone. As an editorial in the

Halifax Chronicle-Herald recently reported, with understandable horror, "The deficit on last year's operating budget weighs in at \$252 million, up from \$220 million in 1985, up from \$187 million in 1984. The \$252 million is far in excess of the \$187 million first estimated by Finance Minister Greg Kerr in his 1986 budget... The past four-year total for deficits is over \$700 million in Nova Scotia, and just over \$200 million for New Brunswick."

Thanks to Tories in power, Nova Scotia is so deeply in hock that, last year, just servicing the debt cost \$539 million. Aside from spending on education and health, no other government expenditure was that high. Liberal leader Vince MacLean says Nova Scotia now has the highest debt, per capita, of any province in Canada.

The Buchanan government's financial bungling inspired the New York credit agency, Standard and Poor's Corp., to reduce Nova Scotia's credit rating from A-plus in 1978 to A in 1982, and then to A-minus last September. Moody's Investment Service, the other major credit-reviewing outfit, lowered Nova Scotia's rating in 1986, and warned in October that it might soon be obliged to do so again. Lower credit ratings normally mean higher interest rates, and more difficulty getting loans for the province.

Thanks a lot, Honest John. If you are trustworthy, God help Nova Scotia if it ever gets an untrustworthy premier; and if you've got a used car for sale, don't count me among your potential buyers. As for that fund-raising letter from your loyal supporters, it's one of the funniest pieces of junk mail I've ever received. It says, "We believe, as does the Buchanan government, that Nova Scotians have a real possibility now, as never before, of playing a major role in this province's development for decades to come. The Progressive Conservative Party is playing a vital role to ensure that development. To carry on this work, we respectfully request your support."

But the letter's supreme one-liner is, "There has never been a more appropriate time to support this cause!" Writers for the Royal Canadian Air Farce couldn't do much better than that. The letter also urges, "Please feel free to send your comments with your contribution." Sorry, Tories, I'm sending my contribution to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Taxpayers, but I do have a comment for you. It's just this: "You gotta be kidding."

Show Your Stripes!



Tia Maria
TONIGHT



Ancient chants of dawn away from the 20th century

by David Swick

As the first light of dawn breaks through the Nova Scotia woods, 12 old men in long black robes burst into song. It is a haunting sound — eerie, ancient and beautiful — medieval chanting in the Maritime morning.

This is a special community, hidden in the forest between Antigonish and Cape Breton. Motorists on the Trans-Canada are given a clue: a highway sign points to the village of Monastery. Yet few realize the significance — there really is a monastery in Monastery. Some of the monks have been there almost 50 years, faithfully chanting in the morning light.

When Adolf Hitler began to persecute German religious groups in the 1930s,



Augustinian monks in the Bavarian town of Wurzburg looked to Canada for help. They were told of an abandoned Trappist abbey in Nova Scotia and set sail in 1938. They have been happily nestled in the woods of eastern Nova Scotia ever since.

Of the 12 monks now in the monastery, eight are refugees from the Nazi past, one is a Belgian and three are Canadians. All but three are over 70.

The Father Superior, 78-year-old Isidore Geiss, is a happy, gentle man who talks philosophically about the move from Germany. "The Nazi era was a very hard time for the religious," he says. "Many monasteries were forced to close, and ours had to struggle for food. But I know there is One above who guides the

lives of mankind, so I keep an optimistic approach. Even though at times things seem very bleak," he adds, "there is always some good coming from it."

Most monks train for the religious life from adolescence. In Monastery the house cook, Brother Mark, is the only exception. A native of Killahoe, Ont., Mark didn't join the order until age 33. "I tried the other life," he says, "but this is quieter and a far better place for contemplation."

Indeed, it would be hard to find a more peaceful spot. Five hundred acres of forest surround the monastery, acting as a buffer against the quickening pace of the 20th century.

Inside, the monks pursue the humble, contemplative lives they've chosen. Each

There really is a monastery in Monastery, N.S. The monks, mostly refugees from Nazi Germany, are old but in fine spirits. Brother Emmanuel sculpts, Brother Mark cooks, Father Reatus says Mass in Latin, and they all pray

COVER STORY

spends much of his time in thoughtful pursuits: reading, writing and prayer. Yet it isn't all hairshirts and abstinence. The monks like a good chuckle as much as everyone else, and they tend to be engaged in work they genuinely enjoy.

Brother Emmanuel, 78, who looks like a woodsman in his plaid lumberjack shirt and work boots, can usually be found in his cluttered workshop. Emmanuel served as the community's carpenter, machinist and blacksmith until two years ago, when heart trouble forced him into semi-retirement. Now he has time to indulge in what he really loves: sculpture and woodcarving. His skills are

self-taught, and over the years he has filled the monastery with his work. "I'll do this until the day I die," says Emmanuel. "And when I die, I'll take my workshop to heaven."

While Emmanuel toils with knife and chisel, Father Reatus, 81, is hunched over a small desk in his room. A fine-boned old man with scholarly charm, Reatus is promoting the canonization of Anna Emmerick, a 19th century Augustinian nun. He has published a brief account of her life as a first step towards her acceptance.

Reatus is the only monk who does not join the others for morning Mass. The

Vatican has granted him special permission to say Mass in his room by himself, the old way, in Latin.

This adherence to the old customs reflects a paradox that runs deep within the monastery. The monks live with one foot in the present, which they are able to experience in a different way than most of us. Freed from mundane worries — such as money, traffic jams and work they don't like — they concern themselves, instead, with questions of faith. But in a sense the monks also live very much in the past. Talk with one of them about an Augustinian who's been dead for 1,000 years, and you can feel how real that per-

Sister Rita's good works

Sister Rita Barrieau, without money but armed with prayer, has created several institutions and a religious order to serve the poor and needy. Some call her "Moncton's Mother Teresa"

by Veronica Leonard

From the outside, Maison Nazareth is just another shabby house on Moncton's Churchill Street. Inside, it's like a 1960s commune. The floor is a gay patchwork of sample tiles, there are second-hand restaurant benches and, in backrooms and upstairs, rough beds to accommodate 20 people. The workers wear loose peasant-style dresses of burgundy cotton denim with matching headscarves and kneesocks.

The realization comes only slowly that this is a religious community with a mission to the poor and the homeless. The Disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, although created under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, is an order that shatters certain preconceptions. Membership is open to both men and women who are prepared to take vows of community, mercy and chastity. The group's members include a single mother and her child and there are married couples and married individuals in affiliate membership.

Just as remarkable is the fact that the mission provides food, shelter, clothing, counselling and prayer to the destitute — and has done so for four years — without any official source of funds. Private gifts simply flow in.

It's the "grace of God," says Sister Rita Barrieau, the small frail, self-effacing woman in her early 50s who started it all. The house, which is now run by others, is only one of Sister Rita's good works. Some church people know her as the "Mother Teresa of Moncton" — a label that refers to her appearance as well as her dedication to the poor.

A person with an aura of compassion, humility and faith, Sister Rita's story is the stuff of inspiration. She spent 25 years as a teacher and lab technician with the Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

an Acadian order of teaching nuns, but she felt called to do more. She found that new direction during a retreat for prayer and study in the 1970s, when her order asked her to share an apartment with an emotionally disturbed woman who was no longer able to live alone.

On very limited resources the two found an apartment in a poor section of the city, and in her day-to-day contacts in the neighborhood, Sister Rita became increasingly involved in the lives of the needy. From her small apartment she began providing food, clothing and shelter. Every day the demand grew. "We were overwhelmed, there was just not enough room to meet the need," she recalls. When she saw the small convenience store on Churchill Street for sale, Sister Rita knew for sure she had found her calling. Here she would set up a mission for the poor and devote her life to their service.

She shared her plan with the owner who agreed to let the store go for just over \$20,000 and offered to carry the mortgage interest-free for a year. With absolutely no money, Sister Rita offered to make a down payment of \$1,000 within a week. Then she prayed. Within a week the thousand dollars was raised. Within a year the mortgage was paid in full.

Maison Nazareth opened its doors July 1, 1979. Helped by a number of volunteers — most of whom were on social assistance — Sister Rita provided a food bank, a second-hand clothing depot and a hospice for the homeless. Although the house still supplies meals, the food bank operation was phased out in June when another food bank opened in town.

The mission reached out to meet spiritual needs as well. There was always a friendly smile, a ready ear to listen to

problems and a time for shared prayer. People who came for help often stayed to help others. Word of the little mission's work began to spread.

In 1980 a young single mother from Campbellton, Raymonde Savoie, arrived in Moncton with her four-year-old daughter Chantal. She had a little money and a list of apartments. But by evening, she'd exhausted her list and arrived at Maison Nazareth. She never left. Lorraine Doiron, from Cap Pelé west of Moncton, arrived a year later. Both young women had previously led conventional lives — with boyfriends and jobs — but both had felt a void. Working at Nazareth House, and inspired by Sister Rita's example they too found a calling.

It may seem like dangerous work for young women. Not much is known about the people who come through their doors. Many have troubles with drugs or alcohol, some have been in prison, others may have emotional problems, yet none of the women has ever felt afraid.

"Some evenings it's crowded and noisy and someone has a ghetto blaster on too loud, and suddenly I feel so full of love I know the spirit of the Lord is here," Lorraine says simply.

Jacqueline Daigle of suburban Dieppe, a sociology student looking for volunteer work, came to Maison Nazareth shortly after Lorraine.

"When I arrived Sister Rita astonished me by saying she had just been praying for a volunteer to help with the handicapped," she says. (Three handicapped people live with the group.) "I had never thought of myself as the answer to someone's prayers before," Jacqueline smiles. She too stayed on at the mission.

One of the strongest supporters of the work of Maison Nazareth is Moncton's Archbishop Donat Chiasson. "I had always thought that it was a shame that in a city the size of Moncton with all its churches and convents, there was not one bed for the homeless. Maison Nazareth met that need," Chiasson states.

By 1983 Maison Nazareth had been in existence for four years, and yet had no formal structure. Sister Rita was still officially a member of the Sisters of Our

son is to the monk. There is a tangible sense of living in a historical context.

The monastery itself is a three-storey, 70-room red brick building that looks more like a Victorian schoolhouse than a Gothic hideaway. Inside it is dark, peaceful and quiet, with a note of reverence. You feel like leaving your shoes — and your doubts — at the door.

There are two ranks among the Augustinians: priests and brothers. Priests perform the sacraments and are involved in academic work, while brothers tend to more manual tasks. They all live together on a more-or-less equal footing, however. Everyone helps to clear the table after meals, for example, and each monk assists in the upkeep of the house.

Some orders of monks are cloistered (completely isolated from the world, like the Trappists, who have Atlantic Canada's only other monastery in Rogersville, N.B.), but Augustinians take part in both cloistered and secular worlds. While continuing to practise their doctrine of 'separate community,' the monks of Antigonish County have been teachers, social workers — even dairy producers — for their neighbors in the area.

Right now, there is some question as to whether the monastery can survive. The number of monks and monasteries in Canada is falling dramatically. Twenty years ago there were nine Augustinian communities in the country. Today, only three remain.

In the 1950s, there were 30 monks in the Monastery community, running a boys' school, cattle-farming, growing all their own food and helping out when asked by local parishes. Today, only honey and vegetables are produced there, and lectures have been replaced by memoirs.

Many observers have doubts about the monastery's future, but Father Isidore takes the problems in stride. "It's the history of religious orders that they suffer low periods and bounce back," he explains. "In society today, family life is disintegrating." He says religious orders are families too, so it shouldn't be surprising to see them suffering in the same way. "But we will survive," he adds with absolute faith. "Anything that is good survives."



WADDE CHIASSON

Donations flow in for Sister Rita's good works

Lady of the Sacred Heart, but her work was separate from the order and there were now three young women working with her who felt the same strong religious commitment to her work. It was time to make a separate recognized organization, one that could also include a single mother and others who might come along in the future. "The Church had to take into account that these people had a calling not through some rule book but in life. We have to take them as they are," Chiasson says.

The Disciples of Jesus of Nazareth were officially formed in 1983. Although they are technically a lay association under the diocese, they follow the same rules and routines as a religious order.

"I never set out to establish my own religious community, it just happened as I followed the path of faith," says Sister Rita.

And while other religious communities were changing from the habit to lay clothing, the Disciples chose a special outfit. Sister Rita says the style came to her in a dream. The loose gown with its

heart-shaped yoke and rope belt is reminiscent of that worn by early monks and the hand-carved wooden pendant represents a cross on a droplet of blood.

The four original members were soon joined by two more: Helen Dumont, an occupational therapy student originally from Campbellton who came to do volunteer work, and Denis Belliveau from nearby Memramcook, a high school student considering the priesthood.

Then the order was given a new challenge by the people with whom they work. For the most part those who came to the house were transients and strangers to the city looking for a place to stay until they could locate work or permanent lodging. But there were others who were at crisis points in their lives and who needed more than a few days sanctuary. Word came to Sister Rita of a missionary couple who wanted to rent their farm in Saint-Antoine just outside Moncton for a year. It seemed like the answer to a prayer.

Those men who were prepared to make a long-term commitment to change could stay at the farm for three months or longer in order to bring their lives into focus. During the first summer there were as many as 20 people at the farm. The farmhouse itself was far too small so an old barn was converted to dormitories and a cafeteria. In the wintertime the men slept in the loft of the woodshed. The conditions were primitive but complaints were few.

A year later Sister Rita had a chance to buy the farm for \$44,000. Again, somehow, the money was found. A local benefactor suggested they add an extension for proper year-round accommodations and offered to pour the concrete for the basement without charge. The addition cost another \$40,000 even with volunteer labor, but once more the money came.

There has never been any official funding for Maison Nazareth. Nor has there been a fund-raising campaign of any sort. "People are so generous," Jacqueline Daigle says. "We never ask for help but it comes every day from Catholics, Protestants, Jews. People will call to say they're going shopping and offer to fill a grocery bag for us. We always have just enough."

"Once when we were \$10 overdrawn, Lorraine went to visit a friend in hospital and a total stranger gave her a \$10 money order he had in his pocket."

Over the past three years the work of the Disciples has continued to grow. Helen and Lorraine run Maison Nazareth and a second shelter for women next door with the help of volunteers called Good Samaritans. For Christmas they open a toy store with donated toys where mothers on social assistance can find gifts.

Sister Rita and Jacqueline look after the farm where a group of ten to 15 men have committed themselves to a long-term program of work and spiritual counselling. Raymonde and her daughter Chantal, now nine years old, live on the farm in a separate cottage, which can also serve as a shelter for up to six women. Denis is studying for the priesthood in Ontario. When he returns he will still be part of the Disciples but he'll also be assigned duties in the diocese. Although separated during the week, the remaining Disciples gather at the farm whenever possible on weekends and religious holidays.

The future, Sister Rita says, "is in the hands of God. I hope we can remain poor and simple."

But Archbishop Chiasson says the group will need more financial security in time. "These people are dedicating their lives to the Church. We in the Church must ensure that they are provided for."

The numbers also worry Sister Rita. "While we are small it is hard work but it keeps our faith strong. If we grow too large we may become lukewarm."

At Maison Nazareth a section of the hallway between the kitchen and sleeping quarters is screened off. Six carpet pieces are scattered on the floor before a low table. Here in the main thoroughfare of the house is the chapel. Behind the makeshift altar are two doors leading to other rooms. The door handles, at eye level with the crucifix on the altar, seem incongruous at first, but as one kneels on the simple prayer mats the realization comes that they have as deep a symbolism in this house as the crucifix itself — they are the instruments that, at Maison Nazareth, open doors for the homeless.



When work slows down on Fort McMurray's oil sands, the city can grind to a halt. This year 1,500 were laid off

Tough times come to Atlantic Canada's oil city in Alberta

Fort McMurray, Alberta, is in an economic slump as its giant oil sands plants gear down. That's big news down east: a third of the city's residents are Atlantic Canadians

by Alister Thomas

It's fall, but winter is in the air as Henry Hollett leaves his suburban home in Fort McMurray, Alberta, to go to work at the Suncor oil sands plant. As he waits for the bus to take him and his fellow afternoon shift workers to the plant, he can see a steady plume of black smoke rising from the Suncor stack 15 miles to the north. When the wind blows the wrong way there is a pungent oily smell in the air. But it doesn't bother Hollett, a former Cape Bretoner who says he's thankful to have a job. Others he knows aren't so lucky.

Fort McMurray's economy is in big trouble. Why that should be of particular interest to Atlantic Canada is simple: about a third of the city's population of 36,000 is made up of East Coast expatriates. With 8,000 Newfoundlanders — second in numbers only to St. John's and Corner Brook — it's often referred to locally as "Newfoundland's third-largest city."

Carved out of northeastern Alberta's rolling hills and rugged forest, Fort McMurray is dependent on one industry

— oil — and right now it's hurting badly. Since world prices started dropping, businesses have been shutting down in the city and hundreds of workers have been laid off by its two main employers, the Syncrude and Suncor oil sands plants. A number of houses stand empty on the groomed, suburban streets and some of the owners haven't even hung "for sale" signs, not expecting any takers. In the last 12 months more than 2,300 people have left, often heading for southern Ontario where a boom in construction has led to openings for skilled tradespeople.

Even if the worst is over and the situation stabilizes, as many in the industry predict, things won't be the same in Fort McMurray. The boom town has been dealt a shocking reminder of its vulnerability to outside events.

Just a year ago it was growing and thriving as it had for two decades. Joan Oliver, a resident for six years and originally from Cormack, Nfld., remembers when she paid \$4 for a small box of strawberries. Whatever the price, Oliver and everyone else would pay it. Luxury items were always the first to go.

But Fort McMurray's fortunes are so closely linked to Syncrude and Suncor — which at present employ 6,000 people between them — that when they slow down so does the city. A thousand employees have been laid off from the two plants over the past year. Meanwhile Suncor has announced plans to lay off 200 more workers in the wake of a six-month strike that ended in October, and Syncrude will be laying off another 300, both before the new year. Even 16 employees with the City of Fort McMurray were given pink slips this past summer and others may follow.

This turn of events is both cruel and ironic. Only a few years ago the economy of Fort McMurray was considered to be sluggish if it didn't grow by five per cent



Hollett and family: thankful for a job

a year. Mayor Chuck Knight, who has Maritime roots (his mother is from P.E.I. and his father from Nova Scotia), gazes at the downtown strip from his office window and recalls one public meeting where angry residents complained to city officials that they didn't have enough parking spots for what he calls their toys — motorhomes, boats and luxury cars.

In the early 1980s the average age of Fort McMurrayites was a tender 25, with only three-quarters of one per cent of them past 65. These young people earned a lot of money — the average yearly income was a whopping \$38,000 — and they spent it as if it would never run out.

Newfoundlanders and Maritimers, especially those with mining experience, were attracted to Fort McMurray in the '70s and early '80s because of jobs at Syncrude and Suncor which offered high wages and perks such as interest-free loans and cheap mortgages.

Henry Hollett, a millwright foreman at Suncor, moved there from North Sydney in 1971. "There were only 8,000 people then," he remembers. A decade later the population had quadrupled.

The migration west was helped by the fact that many Atlantic Canadians knew someone in Fort McMurray who could put them up for a while until they found work and a place of their own.

A city without a history — built on big bucks and high spirits — it has earned the rough-and-tumble reputation typical of a boom town. For many, it hasn't turned out to be a bad place to live. Located near the confluence of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers, it's a prime spot for fishing, and for hunting. The wilderness is only a few minutes away in any direction, but within the city are all the modern amenities. Classy suburbs on a hill overlook the downtown with its two movie theatres, several restaurants and two shopping centres.

The climate, however, isn't one of the attractions. Only about 200 miles south of the Northwest Territories, it lies on the same latitude as northern Labrador. Summers are cool, although sunny, and winter days are short and cold. Added to the fact that there's only one road that goes anywhere — Highway 63 to Edmonton, 275 miles south — the climate induces a sense of isolation. Every Friday afternoon a jet comes in to Fort McMurray airport virtually empty and picks up a plane load of revellers, off to Vancouver for the nightlife or to Edmonton for its famous shopping mall, to return to Fort McMurray Sunday evening. The weekend plane isn't as full, these days, as it was a year ago. But those who've held on to their jobs are still making top dollar — even without the big overtime cheques and bonuses of the past — and they've grown used to spending it on a good time.

Fort McMurray has a spirit of its own, usually chalked up to Atlantic Canadians. Mayor Knight is effusive in his praise of Newfoundlanders and the vigor they bring to the community. "They're very, very active in hockey and all recreation. They also

A bottle of Grand Marnier Liqueur is the central focus, positioned diagonally. The bottle has a red cap and a label that reads "M. Marnier-Lapostolle Liqueur" and "CORDON ROUGE". Below the main label is a circular seal featuring a crest with a bird and the text "M. MARNIER LAPOSTOLLE PARIS FRANCE". The bottle is surrounded by a glass containing a dark orange liqueur with ice cubes, with a spoon resting in the glass. The background is a warm, golden-yellow color, suggesting a cozy atmosphere. In the bottom right corner, the words "THE SEAL OF EXCELLENCE" are written in large, white, serif capital letters. The overall composition is elegant and suggests a sophisticated drink.

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MIGRATIONS



Suburbs on a hill overlook downtown Fort McMurray, with its theatres, restaurants and shopping centres

have a tremendous sense of humor and their love of life is to be envied. They live hard and work hard." He adds that, "In my position when I'm invited out I try to go early and leave early. But with them I'm out to all hours of the night."

Atlantic Canadians who still have jobs are staying put because, for them, Fort McMurray has become home. Despite the cold, Henry Hollett is firm about staying. The climate, he says, doesn't bother him and in fact, he points out, he rather likes the dry air. Hollett does miss the ocean, but he doesn't have to say the same about his family. Seven of his 11 brothers and sisters live in Fort McMurray and another sister is in Red Deer, 350 miles to the south. "I have lots of friends here now," he says. "And there's golf in the summer and hockey in the winter."

For those without family close by there are clubs like the McMurray Newfoundlanders Club. Joan Oliver, vice-president, says one of its goals is to bring together former Newfoundlanders to have a good time, but also, she adds, "We're involved in different charities and we raise money for victims of fires and floods back home." A couple of years ago, the McMurray Newfoundlanders Club collected \$10,000 for a child in Newfoundland to have a liver transplant, and

they also help out in Fort McMurray. "We've collected enough money for an electric wheelchair for a child here," Oliver says. "It'll probably be a Christmas present."

In addition, the Newfoundland club (there's also a Cape Breton club but it's not as active) holds a New Year's dance each year and takes part in community events, such as entering a float every summer in the popular Blueberry Festival parade. "We usually win a prize," says Oliver.

Although many Maritimers and Newfoundlanders who went west during the oil boom headed for Fort McMurray in particular, not all did. There are an estimated 25,000 East Coast expatriates in Alberta, with about half in Fort McMurray and most of the rest in Calgary and Edmonton. There's a province-wide organization called the Maritime Reunion Association of Alberta, with headquarters in Calgary. The president is Nancy Burns, who says most Atlantic Canadians are "comfortable" in Alberta and many "soon get established, get married and perhaps have a family." Still, the pull of home is always there.

Like his friend Henry Hollett, Dan Batherson, formerly of North Sydney and now of Calgary, likes the dry air and in southern Alberta the warming chinook

winds. In Calgary, which is 400 miles south of Fort McMurray, "the climate certainly is beautiful with lots of sunshine," he says. And the Rocky Mountains, 50 miles to the west, are "a real treat."

Batherson, who's the younger brother of Maritime musician Matt Minglewood, sells cars at a Calgary Chrysler dealership. He likes it and has no plans to move. But he echoes the sentiments of many expatriate Atlantic Canadians when he explains: "I would consider moving back if I had a nest egg or a job waiting." Batherson visits back east regularly and, whenever he feels a need for immediate Maritime camaraderie, he ventures over to the Maritime Reunion Association Club, in an old two-storey clapboard building to play darts or volleyball or just to talk.

Meanwhile in Fort McMurray, Henry Hollett and the others are staking their bets that the economy holds out. There are over 600 billion barrels of oil in the Fort McMurray area — more than in all the known reserves in the Persian Gulf — in an area five times the size of P.E.I. There's been some nervous talk about the possibility of Fort McMurray becoming a "ghost town," but the Atlantic Canadians who make up much of the city's life hope the worst is over.

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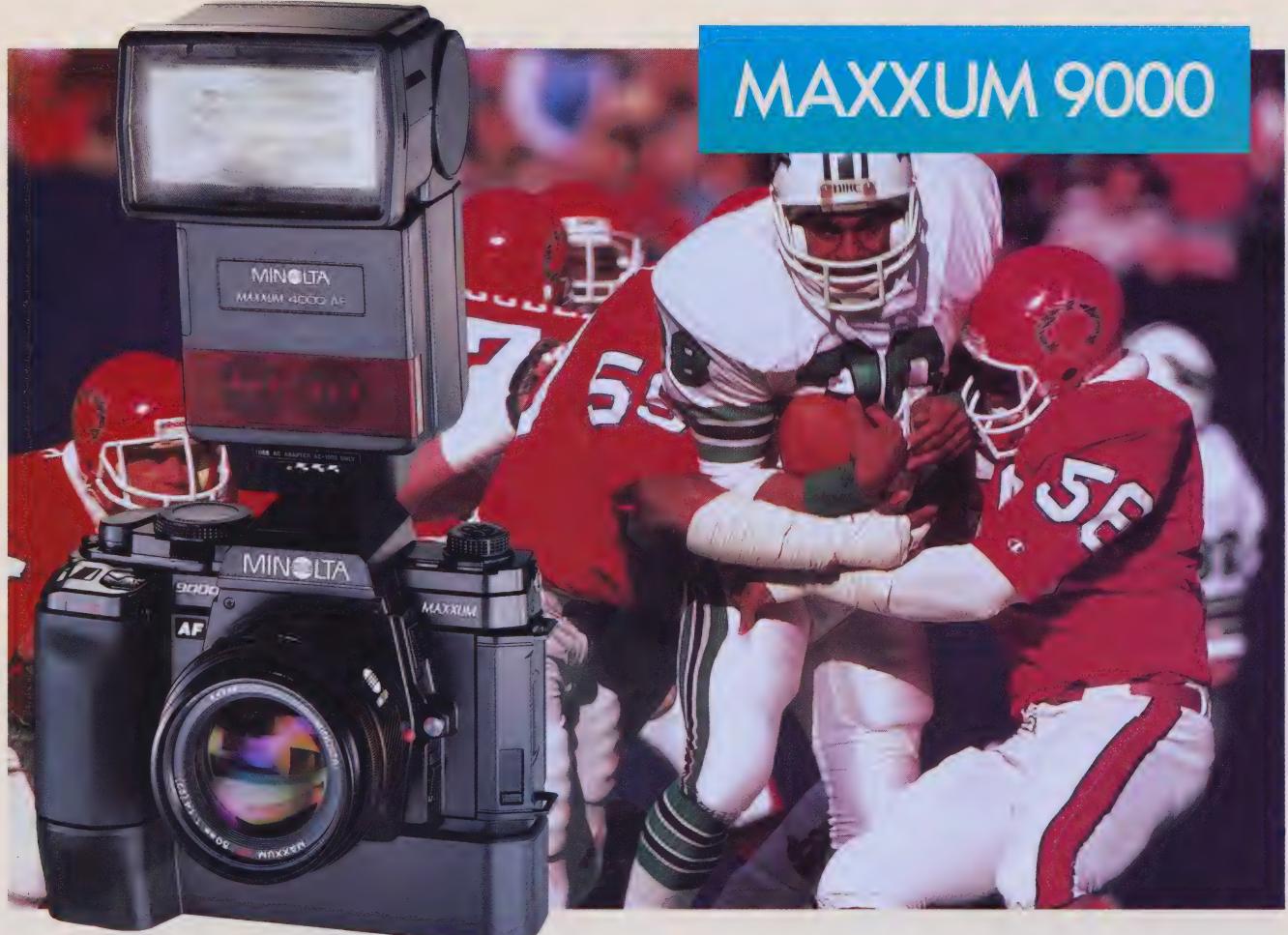
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Creatures that flourish in defiance of nature

Human interference with nature has created an ecology of winners and losers among plants and animals. While some become extinct, others multiply beyond what nature intended. David Holt looked at the endangered species of Atlantic Canada in last month's issue. This month he reports on the other side of the coin: the species that thrive

by David Holt

No province has been transformed by human activity as much as Prince Edward Island. Virtually every inch of it has been touched by the axe and the plow. The impact of this on wildlife has been dramatic. Caribou, moose, black bears, fishers, martens, river otters, lynx, wolves, passenger pigeons and spruce grouse no longer exist on the Island. Skunks, raccoons, coyotes, cormorants, crows, blackbirds and others, however, flourish far beyond what unspoiled nature would allow.

P.E.I. is a microcosm. From Halifax and Saint John to the barrens of Labrador and on to the wider world beyond, human interference with the environment has pushed some animal and plant species into extinction, or near it, while causing others to thrive, often to the point of being pests.

Logging, farming, dam building, transportation, garbage disposal, recreation and other activities have created an ecology of winners and losers among plants, animals and even insects. Norman Myers, a consultant on wildlife for the World Bank, calls it a "pest and weed ecology." The present wave of extinctions combined with human alterations to the environment, he says, are leading to population booms by a small number of fast-breeding species like English sparrows, raccoons, rats, houseflies and many weed plants.

P.E.I. provides a very clear illustration of this. It has "the most impressive history of extinctions of any province in Canada. We have lost all our large mammals," says Dave Guignion, a biologist at the University of Prince Edward Island. "We are left with a hodgepodge of animals like the skunk and the raccoon — both adapted to man's garbage and slovenly ways."

The transformation began with the arrival of wooden ships carrying not only animals and seeds intended for agriculture, but also European starlings, rats, weeds and insects stowed away unnoticed



The coyote is a scavenger who competes with the red fox for food; in winter its prey is deer in holds and scuppers.

"Introduced" species of plants and animals are often quick to propagate.

"About 20 weeds now common in New Brunswick, including dandelion, coltsfoot and hawkweeds, came in feed used to ballast ships," explains Hal Hinds, a botanist at the University of New Brunswick. "The weeds came from Eurasia, where they had already adapted to farms and settlements."

About half the 30 species on the noxious weed list kept by the Nova Scotia department of agriculture are non-native, reports John Thompson, a weed inspector with the department. "We have to maintain constant vigilance against weeds that are a threat to agriculture or human health," he stresses. "They can come in by ship, railroad and road and can be found in some feedstuffs." One of the most deadly imports was ragwort, a weed brought to Pictou County in the 1800s. Spread on the wind, the weed, when in-

gested by cattle, caused cirrhosis of the liver. Ragwort killed 200 to 300 cattle a year until the 1960s, when the Cinnabar moth, which feeds on ragwort, was imported as a biological control.

Logging and agriculture opened up the dense forest throughout the Atlantic Provinces allowing animals from Quebec and New England to move in. One of the most successful was the whitetail deer, attracted to cutovers and fields in 19th century New Brunswick. The spreading deer population carried a roundworm parasite that was deadly to the native moose and caribou. The changing habitat, the deer, the parasite and the rifle combined to push the caribou from the province altogether. At the turn of the century deer came to Nova Scotia — some were stocked and some, apparently, made it on their own from New Brunswick — and in Nova Scotia too, the caribou disappeared and the moose went into decline.

Today, free from their natural

WILDLIFE (II)

predators — wolves (exterminated) and eastern cougars (possibly extinct in the region) — and despite control by hunting, the deer population of these two provinces is one of the densest on the continent and a pest to many farmers.

The latest chapter in the story of recent arrivals involves the coyote, which came to New Brunswick in the 1960s as part of a continent-wide range expansion. Coyotes are scavengers with a varied diet that includes berries, mice, insects, garbage, carrion, sheep and deer. As such, they're very adaptable to human activity. The wolf, which they are replacing, was not. Wolves needed the caribou herds and plentiful moose.

The coyote's arrival spells trouble for its more reclusive competitor, the red fox. "In summer the fox is pushed into marginal territory," explains David Cartwright, a provincial biologist in New Brunswick. "And in winter, when the fox is having a hard time, the coyote is eating deer." The coyote, which came to Nova Scotia in the 1970s and to P.E.I. (probably on the ice) in the last year or two, may also threaten other predators such as bobcats and raccoons. In New Brunswick, a decline in the fox population has already been observed.

The construction of the national railways brought more to the Atlantic Provinces than just western grain. The grass strips along the tracks "allowed about ten kinds of grasshoppers and crickets to migrate east from the Prairies," says Barry Wright of the Nova Scotia Museum. "This includes locusts, an extreme form of grasshopper that feeds on the hay crop in late summer."

Over the past century and a half many species were introduced, often by provincial wildlife departments and sportsmen, and with mixed results.

Moose, snowshoe hare and ruffed and spruce grouse were all successfully imported into Newfoundland, an island with limited game species. Less popular with wildlife officials is the masked shrew, brought to Newfoundland in the 1950s by the provincial forestry department to prey on the larch sawfly which was damaging the province's larch forest. The shrew, a small mammal, "spread quickly," says provincial biologist Joe Brazil. By damaging the fur of trapped animals "it has become quite a pest to trappers."

Many species of game fish have been imported. Rainbow trout and small-mouth bass have done well in some watersheds, with little adverse effect on native fishes. But not all imports have been so benign. The European brown trout, prized by some anglers because it grows larger than the native brook trout and is harder to catch, has displaced native trout from some streams and lakes by taking over their spawning beds.

A very unwelcome addition, except to a few specialized anglers, is the chain pickerel, introduced to some lakes near Yarmouth, N.S., in the 1940s. "The



SIMPSON/VALAN

The adaptable herring gulls are regular customers for the garbage at fast food outlets

voracious pickerel feeds heavily on small salmon and trout," says Dick Cutting of the federal Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO). "It's moving along the coast into new rivers," he says, because some people, for no good reason, "carry it in buckets to new watersheds."

The most recent arrival is the coho, a Pacific salmon introduced in New England that has moved into the Bay of Fundy. "The coho is breeding in Nova Scotia's Cornwallis River," notes DFO biologist Walton Watt. "It behaves more like a trout than a salmon, and in the Cornwallis it's displacing the brown trout, an earlier import."

A greater threat to native salmon and trout, Watt predicts, will be coho and other Pacific salmon arriving in the Atlantic region from the St. Lawrence. Planted in the Great Lakes by American state governments, these salmon need cold water to breed, and may thrive in the rivers of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Usually it's the adaptable, generalist species that prosper when their habitat is altered. The amount of garbage along the Atlantic coast has increased greatly during the 20th century, providing a new food source for gulls and other scavengers. As herring gulls and great black-backed gulls increase, they take over nesting grounds from terns, auks and puffins, specialized diving birds which eat small fish and are steadily declining.

The garbage has also lured the ring-billed gull, a pest in the Great Lakes, east to the Maritimes. "The ring bills are right at home on P.E.I.," says Daryl Guignion. "They love man's works and can be seen feeding outside the McDonalds restaurants. But they're hurting the local tern

population."

Terns are also being dislodged from breeding sites by the recent rise of both great and double-crested cormorants. In P.E.I., the cormorants have taken advantage of the many artificial ponds built by the hunter organization Ducks Unlimited — ponds also used by the province for stocking trout. The cormorants feast on newly released domestic trout, and even invade provincial hatcheries.

One of the new cormorant colonies is on Ram Island, in Malpeque Bay, which has no foxes or other predators. "The result has been that the cormorants have come down from the cliffs and trees and now nest openly in a field," recounts Guignion. "The colony has grown from zero to 4,900 nesting pairs in only ten years, and now eats 10,000 pounds of fish a day."

Besides feeding on trout, the hungry cormorants may also be depleting the stock of forage fish in estuaries — fish central to the diets of other, more specialized birds. "Cormorants have heavy bones and can fish at any depth," states Guignion. "This is an advantage unmatched by birds such as the osprey and great blue heron that feed only in shallow water. These birds may someday suffer from the cormorants' success."

Guignion also points to another bird that has thrived in proximity to people. "Crows are marvelously adapted to feeding on road kills," he notes. "Roads are lucrative feeding areas, and it's possible that crows parcel off stretches of road into territories."

In one case government social policy inadvertently benefited wildlife. This happened in northern Labrador and the Ungava peninsula, where, according to

Labrador regional biologist Stu Luttich, caribou herds are "nomadic oases of life, followed by wolves, Arctic foxes and ravens." The George River herd, which once roamed the northern barrens in the hundreds of thousands, was decimated at the turn of the century by the introduction of the repeating rifle to native hunters. The herd reached a low of 5,000 caribou.

By the 1950s the caribou had rebounded but only to about 10,000. Then the government began providing more housing and social services to coastal communities. The result was that the Indian and Inuit hunters living in the interior moved to the coast, leaving the caribou to recover by themselves. The value of the move to the people has long been debated, but it was good for the caribou. "The George River herd, at five or six hundred thousand caribou, is now one of the largest in the world," says Luttich.

Since the arrival of European settlers, changes in wildlife or plant populations that once took centuries or millenia and which were often responses to gradual climatic shifts, have taken place in decades or even years. And once the changes have occurred, the old order may be quickly forgotten.

In the plant world, even New Brunswick's vast spruce and fir forest is a result of past overharvesting of other species such as white pine, and of intensive forest management today in which spruce and fir are planted by the millions,



New urban pest of the '80s: the gypsy moth

while young hardwoods, considered weeds, are removed by herbicide spray. And the pin cherry, raspberry and fireweed that once sprang up only after forest fires, now rise from cutovers in bright-colored swaths.

While these changes have been accepted as part of the fabric of Atlantic forests, a new pest on the scene may soon make even the most urbanized apartment-dweller sit up and take notice. In the early 1980s the gypsy moth, which as a larva feeds on 500 species of plants and trees, was found in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. "The insect probably came from the U.S. in egg masses laid on the under-

side of cars," suggest Tom Smith of the Nova Scotia department of lands and forests.

In the United States the gypsy moth has caused massive defoliation in cities and towns, and widespread deforestation of softwood stands. The insect comes from Europe. "Here it has no ecological constraints like parasites," Smith explains. "There's nothing to hold it back."

According to Norman Myers, human disruption of the environment sometimes leads to the emergence of new species and sub-species: mosquitoes that are immune to DDT; grasses that grow on tailings of lead and copper; and members of the dog family adapting to new territory, such as the coyote that now resides in the Atlantic Provinces.

"But this marked acceleration of species will not remotely match the amount of extinctions," concludes Myers.

It's tempting to think that these processes occur only in the disappearing rain forest and in the urban jungle. But it can happen here — even in rural Prince Edward Island.

The trend began centuries ago, and it disturbs Daryl Guignion. "On P.E.I. we no longer have large animals like the moose," he says. "But we still have a few higher order species. Pests are a dime-a-dozen and we needn't worry about them. But we have a responsibility to hang on to what's left of the higher orders — for example, to leave a respectable number of bald eagles to the next generation." ☒



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Welch: a poet and professor with a lifelong passion for mountain climbing



On a wintry Canadian morning, **Liliane Welch** can be found writing poetry in her cedar home on a quiet street in Sackville, N.B., or teaching French literature to students at Mount Allison University. But her mind is never far from the solitary peaks of an Italian mountain range. The 49-year-old woman has had a lifelong passion for mountain climbing. "I'd call it an addicted passion," she says. For eight months a year Welch attends to her professorial duties on campus, but every spring she packs her bags and, with her husband Cyril, heads for northern Italy for a summer of mountain climbing. Two years ago, after scaling Manstorna, a rocky fortress in the Pala range of the Italian Dolomites, she returned to write a book of poetry of the same name, her ninth book of poems but the first one about climbing. "Evidently, the mountain has become for me a sort of magic prism through which my vocation as a poet refracts itself," she wrote in the book's introduction. In November, Welch was invited to the 11th International Festival of Mountain Movies in Banff, where she read extracts from the book. This past summer, she scaled another peak in the Dolomites and the images are still dancing in her head. She's now at work on another book of poetry. Welch, who was born in Luxembourg, says her love affair with climbing began at age eight, when she was boarded out with a Swiss family after the Second World War. "They bought me huge boots, and took me climbing. That's when it all began," she says. She's now lived in Sackville for the past 18 years, and she says that at age 49 she knows she's an oddity in the world of mountain climbing — even in Europe where the guides are usually half her age — but more so at home in New Brunswick, where she admits most people consider her "mad." The impression isn't helped by the fact that both Welch and her husband have been known to scale the buildings on Mount A's campus to keep in shape for the coming summer. Yet Welch is irrepressible. "There's nothing so intense," she says.

Dr. Markus Stasiulis of Halifax is often on the road more than 12 hours a day visiting patients throughout the city and in the neighboring communities of Peggy's Cove, Mount Uniacke, Lawrencetown and Fall River. He carries his office with him — a briefcase for the paperwork and a big black medical kit full of drugs and equipment. Stasiulis' patients aren't the two-legged, erect variety. Sixty-five per cent are cats, 30 per cent dogs, and then there are the iguanas, tarantulas and ferrets. Dr. Markus, as pet owners affectionately call him, was the first veterinarian in the region to specialize in housecalls for pets. As far as he knows, he says, he's still the only one. Stasiulis started Housecall Veterinary Services in 1983, three years after graduating from veterinary college, after reading an article



Dr. Markus specializes in housecalls for pets

about a successful housecall vet in Los Angeles. He says housecall vet services are also becoming popular in other parts of Canada. "There's a need," he says simply. "I knew that people like senior citizens would appreciate it, people without cars, people whose pets are hard to take in." Stasiulis' business is exclusively housecalls, although he is affiliated with a Halifax veterinary hospital, where he performs surgery and does some diagnostic work. Most of his time, however, is spent in houses, apartment buildings and an assortment of other places where pets and their owners can be found — hotel rooms, a houseboat on one occasion, businesses that have guard dogs and small stores, such as flower shops, that have a "store cat" on the premises. He examines his patients on kitchen tables, in behind-the-counter storage areas and on rec room sofas. He feels that diagnosis and treatment are improved by making housecalls, and "You can see how an animal is treated, what they feed the animal, show them how to weigh the animal. It's not sterile like a hospital." He says he also gets to know his clients better. Some of those clients, the four-pawed ones, aren't eager to get to know Stasiulis, however. "There are certainly dogs and cats I can't get my hands on. They go wild," he says, but adds with a smile, "They're memorable but they're few."



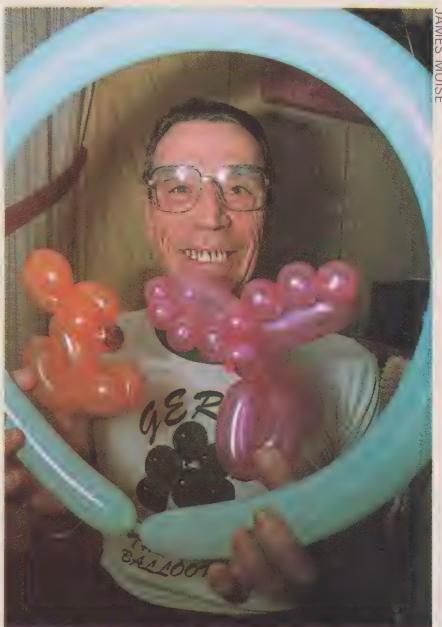
JAMES MUISE

The mystery has been going on for 15 years now. At some time in the wee hours of Christmas Eve morning, a giant decorated cake appears in the foyer of the **Mount Cashel Orphanage** in St. John's. Actually, to call it a "cake" is almost an injustice. Each one has been a work of art, but no one knows who the artists are. Also, the 60 boys who live at Mount Cashel never know what the cake will look like. One year it was a giant castle, the next a snow-covered European village. Two Christmases ago it was a four-foot-high replica of an oil rig. The Irish Christian Brothers who run Mount Cashel admit that they have an idea who the mysterious bakers are, but says one brother, "We don't really want to know." They turn a blind eye to the headlights inching up the lane on that special morning, "in fairness to the donor's wishes, and because the mystique adds to the spirit of Christmas." The people who are thought to be the donors are a Hungarian family who arrived in Corner Brook in the 1950s and later moved to St. John's. Baking, it is said, was their profession in the Old World — an idea that's supported by the incredible craftsmanship that goes into each creation. It's estimated that some cakes have taken up to six weeks to complete, and cost hundreds of dollars. But, says Brother Tim Turner, "The good will the cake brings is worth much more than the money that goes into it." The cake's arrival each year is greeted by a flurry of media attention. It's put on

display in the dining room, and some people make a visit to the orphanage to see it. But those who want to view it in its prime must act fast for, boys will be boys, and over the holiday period the cake's candy decorations have a way of disappearing as mysteriously as they arrived. Says Brother Turner: "It means a lot to us at Christmas. All of us are kids in one way or another."

Bill McFadden, Charlottetown's unofficial town crier and colorful town "character," recently travelled to Maine to visit family. While there he decided to practise his skill as a town crier, at the same time promoting Island tourism. He alerted the media in each of the towns he drove through, including Maine's capital, Augusta, bringing greetings in his deep booming voice and inviting people to visit P.E.I. His message was inscribed on a leather scroll and presented to city and town officials who greeted him. To help gain attention on his trip, McFadden rode his turn-of-the-century penny farthing bicycle before making his cry. "I find the bike very effective for making people stop," he says. McFadden and his bicycle are a well-known sight in Charlottetown, where he sometimes wears town crier's garb and, other times, dresses in a flowing gypsy costume. McFadden, who was born in West Germany, says, "I think it's a lovely island. I'd like to be able to tell everyone about it." For the past ten years he's worked, both as an amateur and professional, in community theatre on the Island, and he also takes an interest in politics. He ran as an independent in the 1984 federal election, received about 80 votes, and says he may re-offer next time. McFadden, who acted on his own on his trip to the States, was a subject of controversy in September when he tried to enter an international town criers competition in Halifax. He couldn't get in because he didn't officially represent any city or town, and since then he's been urging

Charlottetown to establish the post of official town crier. McFadden has received lots of support in the community, and there's now talk of holding an Island-wide town criers competition next year.



JAMES MUISE

Loiselle: "Kids are mesmerized"

You'll find magicians around the Atlantic Provinces who do a balloon sculpture or two as part of their act — usually the basic dog or bumblebee. But **Gerry Loiselle**, 58, of Ellershouse, N.S., is the only magician around who works strictly with balloons. Known as "Gerry the Balloon Man" to his many fans, mostly children, he can whip up some 80 different shapes out of balloons: clowns, pumpkins, poodles, flowers, apples, tricycles, squirrels, and many, many more, including a Rudolph reindeer for the Christmas season. He does it, he says, "primarily for the kids. They're mesmerized." In New Minas, up the road from his home, "I have practically a fan club of my own," he says. "They stand there and watch every show I work." A native of Alberta who came to the Maritimes nearly 30 years ago, Loiselle worked as an industrial salesman, farmer and bartender until he met up with a Shriners clown show from Rhode Island that came to the Maritimes. They taught him a few tricks and "from there it was just practice." Loiselle travels in a camper trailer nine months of the year, from early spring until nearly Christmas. He's hired by town recreation departments, shopping malls, festivals, exhibitions, boy scouts, senior citizens homes and appears at everything from company picnics to official openings. He's in special demand for Christmas parties. He's usually booked solid every weekend from late November to Christmas. It's an occupation that keeps him on the go, but "I like to travel. I like meeting people." Being Gerry the Balloon Man, he says, means that "I have a lot more peace of mind and satisfaction than I ever did."



McFadden: promoting the Island

Christmas at a Country Inn

Dining out during the holiday season is a welcome treat especially when fine food is served in a family setting accompanied by Christmas carols at the piano. Traditional specialties have a new taste at the Lacebys' near Amherst, N.S.

Merry Christmas," whispers our host, Jim Laceby, as he serves a bowl of steaming crab bisque. "Merry Christmas," we reply, drawing our eyes away from the panoramic view of snow-swept fields and the twinkling lights of not one, but all three Maritime provinces — Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and in the distance, Prince Edward Island. Located merely 20 minutes from Amherst, N.S., on the Northumberland Strait, the Amherst Shore Country Inn offers gourmet fireside dining and homey accommodations.

Christmas is a time of tradition and the special foods of the season are no exception. "We put out plates of our favorite Christmas cookies," says Donna Laceby. "The Scotch shortbreads are from an old recipe handed down from

Jim's family, while the snowballs are from the Cowans — my side of the family. Our children find the big tree in the sitting room too formal so they decorate cookies to be hung with swags of cranberries and popcorn on their own special tree." A jar of Donna's peanut brittle in the parlor is within easy reach, but put your hand in too often and you'll spoil your appetite before dinner!

The Lacebys make innkeeping a family affair, and each of their five children, from ages nine to 18, assist with preparing, serving or helping their parents. The inn specializes in Christmas entertaining during the month of December with the exception of three or four days around the 25th. "If we didn't allow a little time for family holidays, we would have a mutiny," laughs Jim.

Home-made cracked wheat bread accompanies the first course — crab bisque, followed by a green salad with just a hint of curry in its oil dressing. Donna does all her own cooking and has mastered the technique of using the proper amounts of herbs, spices or liqueurs to enhance, but never overwhelm her dishes.

Cornish game hens stuffed with local wild rice, cranberries and orange peel are this evening's main dish. Donna uses produce from her own garden whenever possible, and the dinner includes squash whipped with butter and brown sugar and lemon-buttered brussels sprouts.

Sweet and savory puddings are traditional Christmas fare and the Amherst Shore Country Inn has gained acclaim for its mincemeat trifle — layers of yellow cake, custard and mincemeat laced with brandy and whipped cream. It's served in a footed heirloom bowl to complete the holiday feast.

The country atmosphere of the inn is more apparent throughout December as



Donna and Jim Laceby: dinner, and music too

PHOTOS BY WAYNE CHASE



the house receives its trimmings of freshly cut boughs, red tapers, poinsettia plants and a giant fir tree. "Choosing the tree is a family affair and we cut it ourselves. Usually Jim and the boys have scouted out the tree when they have been in the woods, but we all must go out and give our final approval," says Donna. "Most of our decorations are in reds. We have red lights and bulbs and recently we have been adding wooden ornaments." These colors complement the golden wood tones and dusty blues of the cosy dining room where halfway through dinner Jim entertains with carols on the baby grand piano.

The Amherst Shore Country Inn is open year-round with the exception of



two family vacations in both November and March, plus a few days at Christmas. Dinner is served nightly, by advance reservation *only*, at a 7:30 p.m. sitting. The menu changes each day and includes the choice of a meat or seafood entrée and either a light or a rich dessert.

"Many of our guests return each season," says Donna. "A number of families who have children away at university come over the holiday season for a special family dinner with us. We also cater to Christmas parties and we can provide punch and a cheeseboard in the sitting room. This gives everyone a chance to visit and extend good wishes of the season before sitting down to dinner."

The crackling fire, the scent of fir and the promise of gourmet dining makes this small Nova Scotia inn an ideal retreat during the Christmas season and throughout the year.

Cornish Game Hens with Wild Rice Dressing

1½ cups wild rice, rinsed
3 cups boiling water
½ tsp. salt
6 tbsp. long grain white rice
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup fresh cranberries, sliced
2 tbsp. white sugar
1 tbsp. Grand Marnier liqueur
2 tbsp. orange juice

2 tbsp. coarsely grated orange peel

Cook the wild rice in a large saucepan containing the boiling water and salt for approximately one hour. Add additional water if necessary. Drain, rinse and set aside.

Prepare long-grain rice by simmering in chicken stock 20 to 25 minutes. Combine with wild rice in a large bowl and cool. Stir in sliced cranberries, sugar, Grand Marnier, orange juice and orange peel.

4 Cornish game hens, about 1 lb. each
½ tsp. salt
½ cup melted butter
½ cup orange juice

Wash the game hens both inside and out and pat them dry. Sprinkle a little salt in the cavity of each hen. Divide the dressing among the birds and stuff lightly, closing them with a skewer.

Place the birds in a foil-lined baking dish. Generously baste with the melted butter and orange juice. Cover loosely with foil and bake in a 350°F oven for half an hour. Remove foil and continue to bake 1 to 1¼ hours, basting frequently, until hens are tender and brown. Serves 4.

Mincemeat Trifle

¾ of an 8-inch yellow cake
3 tbsp. Cointreau liqueur
1 3 oz. pkg. apricot jelly powder
1 cup whole mandarin orange segments
2½ to 3 cups mincemeat
2 tbsp. brandy
2 cups custard (recipe follows)
1 cup heavy cream
2 tbsp. sugar
grated orange peel

A day prior to serving prepare your favorite yellow cake and the custard.

To assemble: place a layer of yellow cake in the bottom of a large glass bowl. Sprinkle the cake with Cointreau. In a separate bowl, prepare the apricot jelly as the package directs, using the juice from the mandarin oranges as part of the cold water.

Arrange the mandarin orange sections attractively on top of the cake and pour the jelly mixture over the cake and oranges. Refrigerate until set.

Spread the trifle with the mincemeat and sprinkle with brandy. Cover with the custard. Place a small piece of wax paper over the custard so that a crust doesn't form on the top. Refrigerate. Just before serving, garnish with sweetened whipped cream and freshly grated orange rind. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Custard

¼ cup sugar
3 tbsp. flour
3 egg yolks, beaten
2 cups light cream
1 tsp. vanilla

In a heavy saucepan, stir together the sugar and flour. Whisk in the beaten egg yolks and heavy cream. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens and begins to boil. Remove from the heat and stir in the vanilla. Cover with wax paper and cool.

Atlantic Insight is proud to announce a recipe contest that is distinctly regional. The idea of our Heritage Recipe Contest is to gather treasured family recipes featuring local produce and to learn how you have adapted these recipes for today's tastes and lifestyles.

The Atlantic Provinces are rich in the produce of farms and gardens, in the bounty of the ocean, rivers and lakes and in the game, plants and berries of the forests. These regional specialities have long been the main ingredients of favorite family dishes. Today they are used in innovative ways that offer exciting tastes adapted from traditional ideas — a new heritage in the making. We would like to give you

the opportunity to share these recipes with us and qualify for some wonderful prizes at the same time.

The July 1987 issue of **Atlantic Insight** will feature the winning recipes along with your stories that make them so special.

Twelve prize-winning recipes will be selected, and each of the prize winners will receive a special collection of cookbooks with a retail value of \$200.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Recipe must feature and identify at least one ingredient grown or produced in Atlantic Canada.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by a brief description of the heritage, ethnic origin or history of the recipe (at least 50 words).
3. Recipe must be original or one you have adapted.
4. Entry must state appropriate food category (see categories listed).
5. Please supply either imperial or metric measure.
6. All entries become the property of Insight Publishing Limited and will not be returned. We may modify entry as appropriate for publication.
7. Recipe must not contain brand names.
8. Entries should be postmarked no later than January 31, 1987.
9. Enter as many recipes as you wish. Each recipe must be accompanied by a separate entry form or facsimile for eligibility.
10. Decision of the judges is final.
11. Contest is open to any Canadian resident, except employees of Insight Publishing Limited, or sponsors of the contest and their employees.
12. Each entry must be signed by entrant to confirm acceptance that he/she grants Insight Publishing Limited the right to publish entry without compensation.
13. Recipes must be submitted along with entry form, legibly written, printed or preferably typed (double spaced) on white 8 1/2" x 11" paper.
14. Entrant must be willing to participate in the promotional event relating to the contest.

Atlantic Insight

HERITAGE RECIPE CONTEST

CATEGORIES

Eggs, Meat, Fish and Poultry

Main dishes using eggs, lamb, veal, pork, poultry, game, fish and seafood; barbecue favorites too.

Soups, Chowders and Casseroles

Recipes using vegetables, meat, fish, poultry or game (including pasta and rice).

Appetizers, Salads and Vegetables

Recipes for appetizers and salads made with fruit, vegetables, potatoes, pasta, meat, fish or poultry; vegetable dishes, including mushrooms.

Breads and Muffins

Recipes for yeast and quick breads, muffins and biscuits.

Jams, Jellies and Preserves

Recipes using fruit or vegetables, including relishes and pickles.

Desserts and Sweets

Recipes for cakes, cookies, pastries, puddings, ice cream, fruit and candy.

Send entries to:

Insight Publishing Limited
1668 Barrington St.
Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2

ENTRY FORM

NAME _____	ADDRESS _____	PROV. _____	CODE _____
PHONE NO. _____	SIGNATURE _____	(Signature grants Insight Publishing Limited rights to publish your entry)	
NAME OF RECIPE _____		ATLANTIC CANADIAN INGREDIENT(S) _____	

CATEGORY (please check only one)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Eggs, Meat, Fish and Poultry | <input type="checkbox"/> Breads and Muffins |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Soups, Chowders and Casseroles | <input type="checkbox"/> Jams, Jellies and Preserves |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Appetizers, Salads and Vegetables | <input type="checkbox"/> Desserts and Sweets |

BUSINESS

MICHAEL CREAGEN



Former student Gary Blandford is now president of a computer school whose graduates are snapped up by business. He says it's a group effort

Making your own school

The Atlantic Computer Institute is one of the few places around to specialize in microcomputer courses. What makes it unique is that it was created by students who were mad at their old school

by Valerie Wilson

Students sue their school because of its lousy courses. The school goes bankrupt. The students start their own school, which becomes an immediate success.

Sounds unlikely, but that's roughly the way it happened. The successful school is the Atlantic Computer Institute (ACI) in Dartmouth which opened in May 1984, largely under the impetus and direction of angry students of the Acadia Career Academy in Halifax which had shut down two months before.

The leader of all this was former academy student Gary Blandford, now 31 and the president of ACI. The institute provides an intensive course in microcomputer programming and analysis and which so far has seen most of its graduates

find jobs quickly.

Blandford insists that the enterprise is a group effort that works primarily because of the dedication of the eight-person staff of instructors, and the students and investors who were behind it from the beginning. But his own role was a key one from the start. Shortly after enrolling in the Acadia Career Academy, 16 students decided that the school was more interested in making money than in providing the education for which they felt they had paid. Led by Blandford, they sued for \$30,000 — to get their tuition back.

When the academy shut down in March, Blandford and three others went looking for backers to start a school — fellow student Marilyn Walker; Margaret Turner, an administrator at the academy,

who became the ACI's first president; and John McIsaac, one of the academy's teachers. He found a total of 11 investors who raised \$50,000 for start-up costs.

"We got the whole thing together in two months," says Blandford. The institute set up shop in the Queen Square office tower in downtown Dartmouth, and in January 1985 it graduated its first class. A month earlier, 16 of those graduates had settled out of court with Newfoundland Career Academy, the parent company of the defunct school, for a paltry \$75 each.

Blandford and Walker, who now hold 75 per cent of the company shares, worked at ACI for eight months each without drawing a salary. Turner, meanwhile, served as president for four months then moved back home to Toronto. Blandford, whose business experience included working at Eastern Aviation — owned by his father Samuel Blandford — became president.

That first year was financially tight, especially as ACI allowed former students of the defunct academy to take classes free of charge for several months in compensation for their lost tuition fees. However, "Last year we did a half-million dollars worth of business," says Blandford. This

BUSINESS

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reflects not just the regular teaching function, but the fact that ACI also gives computer-training seminars for business executives and has even incorporated its own company to market software created by Blandford and the analyst-instructors on staff.

ACI has already gained a good reputation for turning out highly skilled systems analyst/computer programmers. "Eighty per cent of all our graduates are working," claims Blandford, "and 50 per cent of those placements were obtained through the efforts of the institute." ACI graduates have acquired such a good reputation that major accounting firms, banks and government departments, among others, are asking for students long before they've finished their courses. In some cases, students are placed with companies for six weeks, working for free as part of their training. "In four out of ten cases," says Blandford, "they've proven themselves to such an extent that the company kept them on."

According to Blandford, "Micro and mini computers have been the most forward-moving machinery of the last three years and will maintain this trend for most of this decade. They're affordable by small companies and are programmable to meet the unique needs of any particular business." All the institute's courses are oriented towards the practical needs of business, he says, and adds: "We have the most advanced full-time course east of Montreal, and we're one of the few micro-based schools in the whole of Canada."

Everyone who applies to the institute is personally interviewed by Blandford. Acceptance is based partly on an aptitude test and partly on "motivation." Says Blandford: "You have to know the student beyond the marks he or she achieves. It's a very tough course. We squeeze two-and-a-half years of university training into a four-term, 12-month course." Training includes 30 hours in class and 20 hours on the computers every week. "Dedicated students put in about 80 hours a week," Blandford says.

The institute has 60 students — 30 are accepted each spring and fall. Labs offer students a computer ratio of two to one, and since the course focuses on the practical approach to computer training, students spend most of their time on the machines. Between classroom and lab instruction, the institute's five teachers and three support staff are just as busy as the students. The teachers also conduct training seminars for business executives — about 25 of these sessions every year. "These seminars can be customized for one specific business," says Blandford. Only three or four days long, the seminars are designed to teach special computer functions which can be put to use immediately in the office.

The institute has recently established a separate company, AV Software, to deal with computer software programs which

are designed there. "We started developing software about a year and a half ago, and we're now doing specifics for individual business needs." Its first software program is designed for automobile dealerships, to keep track of automotive repair records and customers.

Blandford says the institute's diverse programs complement each other very well. Educational costs are kept down and contacts made through short-term seminars serve the institute well as a source of employment for students.

Although student tuition fees for the course total almost \$6,500 a year, Blandford says most graduates land jobs that start at \$20,000. "We keep a close eye on our graduates," he says, "and according to all indications our concept is working. We're producing qualified professionals who are able to bring a high level of expertise to employers."

Groomed for success: the rise of a haircut empire

John Grubb has created a national chain of no-frills hair salons out of St. John's. Competitors complain about the aesthetics of the cuts, but the Topcuts chain is expanding relentlessly

by David Swick

It was perhaps inevitable that someone, somewhere, would do with the haircut what's been done with many other services: create a fast, cheap, standardized version of it and, with that simple but ingenious idea, build an empire of hair-cutting salons.

That someone is John Grubb, whose fast-growing Topcuts chain makes him a potential Colonel Sanders of haircuts. Grubb opened his first shop four years ago at the Sobey's Square Mall in St. John's and now, armed with a policy of fast service and low prices, has some 70 shops in Canada (most of them in Newfoundland, Ontario and the Maritimes) and is moving into the United States.

An energetic entrepreneur who came to Newfoundland from Britain 30 years ago as a consultant to reorganize the Ayres department store chain, Grubb stayed in St. John's and threw his energy into developing service industries then in their infancy in the province. The businesses he

founded include Toptone (Newfoundland's largest dry-cleaning company), an industrial garment rental service and Delta Oil, which is involved in the buying and selling of waste oil products. He branched into the beauty and fashion industry in 1965 and over the years has built a chain of seven unisex hair-styling, skin care and tanning salons. But his biggest success of all is Topcuts, which now employs 350 people, 100 of them in Newfoundland.

"It often surprises people in Upper Canada when anything good comes out of the Atlantic Provinces," says Grubb. "But actually, if you can be successful in Atlantic Canada, you can do it anywhere. It's tougher down here because our market is so small."

Topcuts' growth record speaks for itself. Every three weeks for the past four years, a new branch has opened for business. Grubb attributes this phenomenal growth to Topcuts' "basic principles," including fast service with virtually no waiting and no need to make an appointment. "In this business," he says, "ten per cent of people who make appointments don't show, and that time is wasted."

As the largest wholly owned haircutting chain in the country, Topcuts offers a full range of services — coloring, perms and so on — but its major drawing card is its well-known \$6 haircut (which in actual fact is now a \$7 haircut), a no-frills affair that doesn't include shampoo or blow-dry.

The salons are convenient because of

their long hours — generally 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., six days a week — and Grubb says they cut down on costs by sticking to functional basic decor. The bill for a cut, shampoo and dry adds up to \$13 at Topcuts, less expensive than at most salons. But basically, "If a cut's all you want that's all you get," Grubb explains. "You don't have to take the whole package."

Topcuts is not without its detractors. One Halifax hair salon, Kara's, uses advertisements featuring a customer with a paper bag over her head and the slogan "This is one way to fix a \$6 haircut." Owner Kara Landry expresses the frustration of salon owners who watch prospective customers go to the cheap kid on the block.

"They have done awful things to the industry," says Landry. "You can't compete with the price, and the quality of their haircuts is horrendous." She says you can't get a good haircut in five minutes. "It takes the professionalism out of our trade."

John Grubb, however, is not disturbed by criticism from competitors. "Sometimes they respond in a negative way, instead of meeting our competition as they should," he shoots back. "Generally speaking, they don't respond by offering the same services we do."

Although Grubb was first to introduce the new concept to the region, he doesn't lay claim to the original idea. "We were in the middle of a recession in 1982, and everyone was finding money very tight." Low-priced, no-waiting salons were be-

ing developed in other parts of North America, particularly in California. Says Grubb, "We saw it there and introduced it to the Atlantic region. Now people have more money than in '82," he adds, "but Topcuts still fills a public need." He is now planning another, more glamorous type of salon (a name has not yet been chosen) to be opened next to Topcuts — side by side in shopping malls, for example. "When we move back into a recession, which is inevitable through normal cycles, we will concentrate more on the popular-priced stores. So we're flexible to meet both demands. All our eggs are not in one basket."

Nor in one region. Topcuts expanded from Newfoundland into Toronto and Halifax in the spring of 1983, and Grubb has now established branch offices in those cities, as well as training centres for new employees.

As a first step to breaking into the U.S., he had market surveys carried out in Florida, the Carolinas and Ohio, after which he opened three stores in Columbus, Ohio, in early 1986. Columbus, because of its demographic makeup, is an often-used test market for new products and services in the U.S. Grubb says the company is poised for rapid expansion. "We anticipate having 90 stores by the end of 1987, and then 25 to 30 new stores each year for five years. Establishing a chain coast-to-coast in Canada and throughout the Eastern U.S. is a goal we expect to achieve." ☐

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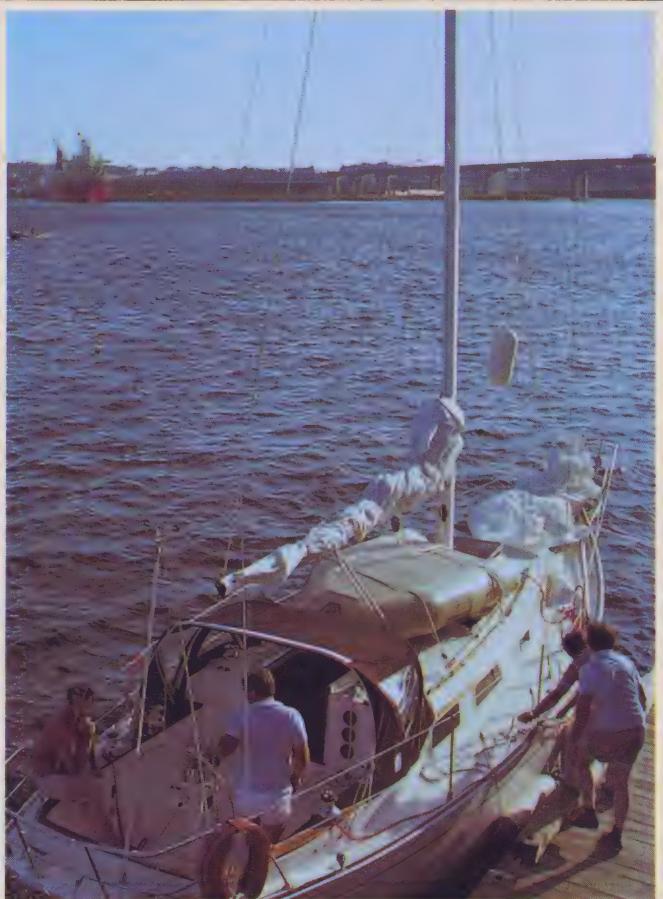
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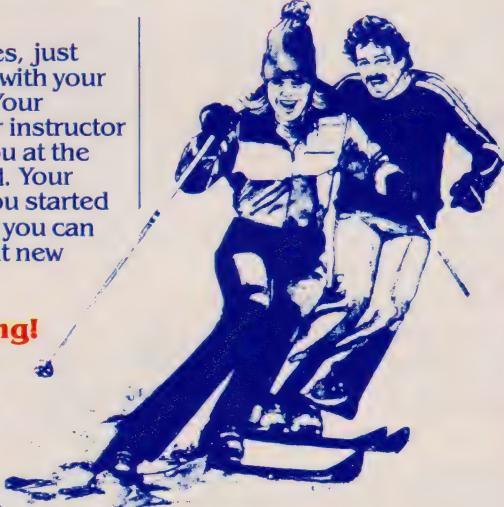
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Dashing through the snow



by Marcia Porter

The farm of Ellsworth Ross near Montague, P.E.I., is a little out of the way, but when the snow flies, the winding road that leads to the Ross homestead becomes a well-worn path. Young and old alike bundle up in winter woollens and head to the farm that's about 40 minutes from Charlottetown for an old-fashioned sleighride.

Ross was probably one of the first Islanders to turn the family sleighride into a public event. Seven winters ago, when most people thought sleighrides took place only in Christmas songs and on greeting cards, Ross began inviting visitors to climb aboard one of his hand-crafted sleighs.

"We had the horses," he says, referring to his sturdy Belgian draft horses. And his son, Garnett, made three sleighs of yellow birch. "People in Nova Scotia were getting into it, so we thought we'd give it a try," says Ross.

Now the sleighride in P.E.I. takes its place along with skating, skiing and tobogganing as a way to make the long cold winters more bearable. And at least two other Islanders — Billy MacMillan and Laurie Blue — are singing *Jingle Bells* and passing out hot chocolate to their chilly but enthusiastic customers.

MacMillan, 42, of Southport near Charlottetown, and Blue, who's 48, both say they're country boys at heart. "I like being around Clydesdales," says MacMillan, who spent summers on his grandfather's farm before landing in the spotlight of NHL hockey in the late '60s and early '70s with Toronto, Atlanta and the New York Islanders. Since he's been back in P.E.I. for good he's looked forward to winter and to the sleighrides. "I guess I just find it relaxing," he says. "It slows life down. People are always going, going, going."



PEI TOURISM

Heavy draft horses with jangling harness and a bright red sleigh — Christmas card scenery, but three Island farmers bring it to life each winter with the return of the old-fashioned sleighride

Aside from the romance associated with sleighrides, they serve a practical purpose, too. "The rides enable the horses to pay for themselves," points out MacMillan. His nine Clydesdales have healthy appetites, consuming hundreds of bales of hay each winter along with grain and salt.

We're not making a lot of money. It costs a lot to keep the horses and there are no grants," adds Laurie Blue whose farm at Little Sands near Wood Islands is farther for people to travel for a sleighride. Blue has seven Percherons and made his three sleighs himself — also from yellow birch. He says that everyone loves the brightly painted sleighs, fancy harnesses and shining bells that are part of the magic of a sleighride.

Laurie Blue has spent his lifetime on the farm. "I've worked around horses all

my life," he says. "It was always a treat." He thought the trails could handle a few more sleighs so he opened up his farm and fields for rides in 1982. "Anyone who's around helps me out," he says, though his most consistent helpers are a neighbor, one of his own two children and his wife, Bernice, the undisputed head of the hot chocolate brigade.

All three men boast family operations, and that's what Billy MacMillan finds so appealing. "It's a unique way to discipline my kids," he says. The three MacMillan children and their mother help care for the horses and also serve up the hot chocolate at the end of each ride.

The power of this hot drink can't be underestimated after a 45-minute sleighride. Unsuspecting first-time visitors are sometimes surprised to get more than a quick turn around the barn-

yard for their \$2.50 ticket. All the drivers take their two-horse sleighs that carry 12 to 15 passengers across open fields and through the woods. The people on the Ellsworth Ross sleighs spend their ride almost entirely in the forest. A stop along the way gives the horses a rest and allows the passengers to stretch and have some fun. "Some people like to hop off and push each other into the snowbanks," laughs Ross. Like the other sleighride operators, he manages to get in five rides on a good day, alternating horses and sleighs, but of course it depends on the weather and amount of snowfall. If it's a good winter, they all agree that it's best to book ahead.

Who are these kids-at-heart, these people who don't mind getting their toes a little cold for the sake of a good time? "We get all sorts," says Laurie Blue. "We get school kids to seniors. You don't always remember their faces, but you remember some of their songs, some of the funny things they say."

"I enjoy it, they enjoy it. It's a good combination," says Billy MacMillan. "For the younger people it's something new. For the over-50 crowd it brings back memories." MacMillan adds that he's not getting rich, but then again, "There's nothing like a moonlight sleighride." ●



An ocean view rewards cross-country skiers very comfortable," says Heather MacLellan, chief of visitor services at Kejimkujik, "once you've broken the psychological barrier of the cold."

Of course, skiers are expected to come prepared with the proper equipment: a winter tent with an extra layer inside to trap the moisture, winter-weight sleeping bags, a stove, and light-weight, high energy provisions and replacement parts for broken skis. A compass and a detailed map are also essential items. The back country campsites at the park have pit toilets and markers showing the best spot to pitch a tent. Most groomed trails have warm-up shelters along the route; four are enclosed and stocked with firewood.

Winter permits an appreciation of the extensive animal activity that's often invisible during other seasons. Deer are a common sight and tracks of the shy bobcat are readily identified, along with the tunnelling activities of mice, which form ridges on the snow's surface.

There are 100 kilometres of trails in Kejimkujik National Park, about 45 km of which are groomed. Peskowesk Road to Mason's Cabin, 54 km in total, is recommended only for experienced skiers. After a good night's rest at Mason's Cabin, the trail can be completed the following day but reservations are required — the cabin has just enough space for eight people.

Kejimkujik, situated as it is in the heartland of the province, has a more continental than coastal climate. It may snow there when other places have rain. Consequently, the park offers a 24-hour weather and ski conditions report for easy reference, and the visitors' centre is open seven days a week from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Three-hour ski clinics are given on certain

Wilderness ski tours

by Alison Day



Cross-country, or Nordic skiing has long captured the imagination and leisure time of many in the Maritimes.

Skiers in Nova Scotia today are realizing that they don't have to look very far for reliable snow conditions and variety in terrain. Cross-country ski weekends and mid-week breaks are a popular way of enjoying the winter outdoors.

In Cape North, the snowbelt area of the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, snow is guaranteed from December until March and in the heartland of the province, Kejimkujik National Park has eight weeks of acceptable Nordic ski conditions.

As the demand increases, the market is expanding to accommodate the need — bed and breakfast homes and country inns now promote their winter season offering special rates and après-ski features. Nordic aficionados can savor a total winter experience. Interpretive winter tours and guided day trips along groomed and ungroomed trails are available and winter camping is now offered in Kejimkujik and Cape Breton Highlands national parks.

"Camping when it is -28°C can be

winter weekends at the park and ski equipment can be rented at the Snow Country Ski Shop in nearby Northfield.

Nancy Gurnham, of the Whitman Inn in Kempt, exactly 2.3 km from the park entrance, reiterates the point about the weather. "People should not trust the weather in the city. It may be raining in Halifax or even Caledonia, but snowing in Kempt," she says. "Always call Kejimkujik for ski conditions."

The Whitman Inn offers two-day winterlude packages for about \$150. This includes meals and accommodation, a ski clinic at the inn, and a two-hour interpretive ski trip with naturalist, Eric Mullen. Mullen is an experienced, knowledgeable guide and has been a national park interpreter for ten years. He is also an educator, nature consultant and author of many books including *Kejimkujik National Park, a Guide*, and a four-part series about the natural environment of Prince Edward Island.

A 35-minute drive from Kejimkujik, the Inn at Bear River, in the valley community of Bear River, offers a weekend package for \$99 a couple. Doug Dockrill, co-owner of the inn, says the district is criss-crossed with access roads providing beautiful ungroomed ski trails. If snow conditions are unfavorable, he points the way to the national park.

One of the things weekenders enjoy is the après-ski camaraderie in the parlors of the country inns; conversation is a nightly pastime in the solitude of the country. The world seems a small place when you are in the middle of nowhere. Nancy Gurnham recalls the weekend when her guests included people from Bermuda, New Zealand, Great Britain and Tasmania all sharing their cross-country experiences.

This year, on the northern perimeter of the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, Dave Algar, a licensed national park ski guide and operator of Highland Ski Touring, is offering day-long guided wilderness ski tours from Cape North. The cost is \$100 per group and the size is limited to ten people. Located on the rugged Atlantic coast of Victoria County, Cape North has snow from Christmas to Easter. The chilling effect of the inshore pan ice ensures that any precipitation will be in the form of snow.

Algar takes skiers along an unlimited number of trails both inside and outside the national park, through the hardwood valleys or the sparse forest at higher altitudes. Way up at 400 metres on the highland plateau, the conditions and scenery are like the Far North: windswept barrens with sweeping ocean views and unpredictable weather. Because of the changeable weather, skiing on the highland plateau is not recommended for novices and guided trips are preferable, but the variety of trails and levels of difficulty in the Cape Breton Highlands National Park call for serious consideration by skiers of all standards.

For the intrepid, the truly adventurous winter recreation enthusiast, Dave Algar provides an opportunity, for the first time this year, to overnight in snow houses,

caves and trenches. He adds though, that a hot breakfast awaits in a nearby ski lodge! Highland Ski Touring also offers guided camping trips over the highland plateau to Cheticamp or Ingonish. More conventional accommodation is available in Cape North and Dingwall, and for those who want greater luxury at the end of a hard ski Keltic Lodge at Ingonish is an hour's drive to the south.

Scott Tours, run by Wendy Scott in Halifax, is offering two five-day ski packages this winter to Keltic Lodge and the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, as well as a weekend get-away trip. The cost will be about \$330 per person for the five-day trip.

Scott speaks effusively of the skiing

opportunities and spectacular scenery in this part of the province. "It's like being in paradise," she says. "The snow intensifies the relief of the mountains making them appear higher and more rugged." It's the only place she knows that provides an ocean view for skiers and the choice of downhill or Nordic skiing here makes it doubly attractive. As one of Scott's ski trip customers puts it, "Skiing in the Cape Breton highlands is like taking a Swiss ski vacation on Canadian dollars!"

All ages are taking to Nordic skiing. Heather MacLellan remarks that even 70-year-olds are learning the sport. Skiers can move at their own pace and relish the crisp clean snow, fresh air and blue sky of winter.



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KINGS LANDING HISTORICAL SETTLEMENT

Winter in New Brunswick's parks

by Marilynn Rudi

As a park interpreter in Fundy National Park once remarked, "There's no such thing as bad weather in New Brunswick — just bad clothing!" With this in mind, everyone's invited to bundle up and discover the vigor and charm of winter, New Brunswick-style. The province's two historical villages and two national parks have specially designed winter programs offering a variety of outdoor activities to please the most zealous and the most reluctant of winter enthusiasts.

Kings Landing Historical Settlement, 35 kilometres west of Fredericton on the St. John River, is open every Sunday from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. beginning Jan. 18. In addition to skating on the mill pond, sliding down two fast man-made ice

slides, cross-country skiing and sleigh-riding, visitors to the village may also participate in the special activities centred around the day's theme. January 25 is designated "Birds in our Backyard" day, and naturalist Mark Petrie will talk about common overwintering birds and how to attract them with easy-to-make bird feeders. February 8 is "Victorian Valentine Sunday." Children will be shown how to make old-fashioned valentines and later can dig their hands into a gooey mixture that's been cooled on a bed of fresh, clean snow for a taffy pull. "Kids really enjoy getting their fingers all sticky for the sweet reward of this delicious candy," says Kay Parker, on staff at Kings Landing and observer of this sweetly successful event in past years. Attendance at the village can top 1,000 on a perfect sunny day.

The Acadian Village is located six miles west of Caraquet near Route 11 in northern New Brunswick, and it's open alternate weekends from December to March, beginning Dec. 27 and 28. Here too, visitors can ski on cross-country trails of various lengths, skate on the large outdoor rink or experience the thrill of

careening down the village's 30-foot-high and 100-foot-long ice slide.

This winter marks the village's tenth anniversary to be celebrated with a *fête* the last weekend of January. It begins with a moonlight *soirée*, an evening of skiing, skating or sleighriding under the stars. Afterwards, everyone can warm up with steaming servings of Acadian *fricot* — a hearty beef stew — or chicken bouillon around the *feu de joie*, a big bonfire. Says Antonio Landry, information officer for the village, "It will be like a beach party, only in the snow." The fun continues with an old-time fiddling competition, an ice sculpture contest and a *soirée du bon vieux temps*, an old-fashioned dance with traditional Acadian music and song.

Anne-Marie Chiasson has been working at the village for the past eight years, preparing Acadian specialties at Babineau House. She says that so many people ask for recipes that she compiled them in a book, *Acadian Cuisine*. She adds, "I have fond memories of an old aunt and a remarkable grandmother who used these recipes, and my mother can still give me advice on their preparation."

For those who wish to observe and explore the wintry stillness and splendor of New Brunswick's hinterlands, the province's two national parks, Kouchibouguac and Fundy, offer winter camping and many daytime activities.

Kouchibouguac National Park, on the northeastern coast overlooking the Northumberland Strait and 55 kilometres north of Moncton, has 30 kilometres of well-maintained double-track cross-country ski trails. At the trail head is a waxing facility complete with wax racks and wood stove. Along the trails are five trail site shelters, equipped with stacks of firewood, stoves and picnic tables, all ready for a blazing fire and winter picnic.

The park has an active winter program for nature and wildlife interpretation scheduled for each weekend from February to March. "Of course, people come here to ski," notes Pierrot Robichaud, interpretive officer for the park, "so we keep our interpretive programs short."

Fundy National Park, 80 kilometres south of Moncton on the Bay of Fundy's rugged coasts, is also open for many winter activities. The park maintains about 50 kilometres of cross-country trails for all levels of skiers from beginners to experts. Shelters with kitchen facilities and firewood are provided along many of the routes. On the pond in front of the administration building, a long oval space is kept clear for skating. Near by is the "bowl," a huge wide-open hillside, ideal for toboggans and sleds. The park welcomes snowshoers but snowmobiling is allowed only on the Old Shepody Road and Route 45, which skirt the park's boundary to the northeast and northwest.

Some provincial parks also allow

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limited access to snowmobiles, but throughout the province there are no less than 33 registered clubs and close to 5,000 kilometres of marked and groomed snowmobile trails. There are few confrontations between those who enjoy the quiet solitude of a cross-country ski and the noisier snowmobilers.

With all that's planned this winter to warm even the nippiest of days, there's no excuse for hibernating at home. ●

Ice-boating: winter thrills for sailors

by Alison Day

 It's cold, it's fast and it's exhilarating! Ice-boating is the realm of a dedicated group of hard-water sailors. Most of them are avid summer skippers who delight in extending the season.

Alex Watters has been a member of Nova Ice Yachting Club since he came to Halifax from Ontario nine years ago. He says that the speed and thrill of the sport attract him — and the element of danger.

"The same things that make people like sailing make them like ice-boating," he explains; "man against the elements, the tactical skill of using the wind, competing against others and keeping your equipment in good shape. The big element is raw boat speed." An ice-boat can travel at speeds of over 100 miles an hour. Watters says, "Even on smooth ice you can't focus on anything, the shoreline is out of focus. It's like a movie taken out a car window on a bumpy road — pretty exciting!"

The sport originated on the frozen canals of Holland, where, according to history books, it was an activity of the early 1600s. Today, it's popular in North America as well as in Europe.

An ice-boat is like a sailboard on skates. It has a narrow, light hull fitted with three finely honed blades. Two are attached to the ends of the running plank, and the third — the steering blade — is at the bow. The boat is fitted with an aluminum mast and one sail. The skipper, well wrapped from head to toe, lies low in the hull and only his helmeted head is visible; he uses his legs to work the tiller.

In Nova Scotia there are about 45 ice-boat owners, some of whom compete while others just like the sensation of flying across the ice. In the Halifax area a flotilla of about 20 ice-boats race together when conditions permit. Dartmouth's Lake Micmac is shallow, so it freezes early and is often a weekend venue for the sport early in the season. A large area of ice

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DICK VINE

Ice-boats sail at 100 miles an hour

about two miles square is needed for racing to allow the skippers a decent windward leg. The ice is safe for ice-boating when it reaches a thickness of two and a half inches, but a greater depth is preferable. Favored locations are Grand Lake near the international airport, Porters Lake east of Halifax and Lake William near New Germany.

Most local competitors belong to the Nova Ice Yacht Club and sail DN 60s, a class of ice-yacht made popular in the early 1950s by sponsorship from the Detroit *Daily News* after which they are named. All but one DN 60 in the area have been built at home with the help of three members of the NIYC — Dick Vine, Barry Snell and Parker Beaver.

A boat can be built for about \$1,000 or bought ready-made for close to \$2,000. Measuring just over 12 feet in length with a beam of just under two feet, they carry a sail area of 60 square feet. This class of boat can travel up to 65 miles an hour. The vessels are tailor-made to the skipper so that the running plank, mast and sail work in harmony with his weight.

Dick Vine, a man in his 50s and a design technologist at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography, was one of the founding members of the club in this province. "It is a very vigorous sport," he comments. "You get tired and use a lot of energy. It is really thrilling, much more exciting than sailing."

Unlike dinghy racing, where the boats jockey for positions at the starting line, ice-boats start from a dead stop. As the starter lowers the flag the skippers push their boats off to a running start, spikes on their boots ensuring a firm grip on the icy surface. It pays to get ahead early in the race.

The sailing is relatively simple to learn. There is only one person in a boat and one sail to adjust. The skipper's main con-

cern is to avoid collisions at all costs. "Judging distance and speeds is crucial," explains Dick Vine. "You are aiming for a spot that is vacant now but may not be by the time you get there."

Understanding what's needed to make the boat go fast for a given set of conditions comes through experience. As in dinghy racing, the sails can be changed according to the wind conditions. In addition, the skates, painstakingly honed to a fine edge, are changed to suit the ice.

Like sailboards, ice-boats are eminently transportable. This is just as well for when it comes time for the world championships there is no guarantee of ice where the race committee plans it to be. Often an alternative site has to be found at the last minute.

If you can stand the cold, it makes an exciting spectator sport. "It is like car racing," says Alex Watters describing the action involved. "If you stand in view of the turning mark there's a lot of action as skippers manoeuvre their vessels around each other and around the mark."

The motto of the International DN Ice Yacht Racing Association is "Think Ice" and the sport of ice-boating could not be summed up more succinctly. ●

Sled dog racing takes off



by Mary Ann Glanville

For some Atlantic Canadians winter means setting aside their salty heritage and hopping on dog sleds.

"If you love the outdoors and enjoy spending time with your dog, sledding is for you," says Barry MacMillan, Prince Edward Island's self-acclaimed "ambassador of sled dog racing." Any healthy dog 35 pounds and up who likes to run can be a sled dog, he says. MacMillan is co-owner of six Siberian huskies. About five years ago he began sledding with a friend and within three weeks had a sled of his own. Since then he's built four more.

In addition to MacMillan's Siberians, the eight-member P.E.I. Sled Dog Racing Association hitches up German shepherds and Alaskan huskies for day trips on local snowmobile trails. MacMillan likes full-moon runs best. "It takes a bit of a nut to pack up dogs and gear and drive 80 miles for a moonlight run with friends," he says, "but it's worth it."

Although any medium- to large-size dog can pull a sled, training and conditioning are important. Russ Hasson of Topsail, Nfld., owner of six Siberian

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huskies and a veteran dog sledder, begins training in September. Four days a week, he hitches his team to a three-wheeled metal cart and by gradually lengthening the runs, builds his dogs' endurance. When the snow arrives, they'll be ready for eight- to 12-mile treks on packed trails, under hydro lines or along abandoned railroads. Hasson's dogs run 300 to 400 miles a season. In winter he supplements their diet with meat and fish to provide needed energy.

The dogs don't do all the work — drivers need to have a degree of fitness to help push the sled with one foot. But

it doesn't stop Hasson, who has arthritis. He admits that it's tough to get going at times, and says, "You have to really want to do it."

Russ Hasson belongs to the Great Northern Dog Club near St. John's. The 11 members have teams of Samoyeds and Malamutes along with Hasson's Siberian huskies. Last winter they went on an overnight camping trip with their dogs and sleds on a logging road in Cochrane Provincial Park just outside the city. Now they hope to build a cabin in the woods for more long-distance sledding. "Best of all though," says Hasson, "is a day trip

with a stop to unhitch the dogs and 'boil up.'"

Sledding is a way to really get to know your dogs. Hasson adds, "It's almost like having a child when you raise a dog from a pup." He recalls the day he loaned one of his lead dogs, Penny, to a friend who needed help out on the trail. He sent her off with the command, "Hike Penny," but when she realized Hasson wasn't driving the sled, she turned right around and headed the team for home to wait for her master.



BARRY MACMILLAN
Sled dogs respond to "hike" not "mush"!

Dogs (usually three or more) are harnessed and fastened, either singly or in tandem, to a nylon "gang line." The sled is a basket-like rig made from ash, birch or any hard wood. It rests on long wooden runners and is attached to the gang line. The driver stands on one runner and pushes with the other foot.

Sledding enthusiasts or "mushers" in the region usually make their own sleds, but they can be bought in Quebec for about \$250 along with harnesses, gang lines and snow hooks or anchors. But neither brakes nor a snow hook is completely reliable because the dogs love to run, and once they get started they don't want to stop. It's not uncommon for the driver to call a halt to check his gear or scout the trail ahead and look up to find his team running off towards home without him.

Nobody says "mush" anymore, according to Hasson. The old oxen commands "gee" (right) and "haw" (left) are used now. "Hike" means go, he says, "But all you have to do is take your foot off the brake."

On winter Sunday afternoons in New Brunswick, dog sledding is becoming a tourist attraction at Mactaquac Provincial Park near Fredericton. "We haven't caused an accident yet," says Maureen Clements, owner of six Keeshonds — a breed not normally used as sled dogs but related to the Samoyed — but she and other sledders do bring traffic to a crawl on nearby Highway 105 as they travel the park's ski trails.

Clements began sledding with just one dog about ten years ago. Both she and the



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dog loved it and she just kept adding to her team. "My dogs aren't known for speed," she says as she recalls the only time she wasn't last in a race. Running second-last for a change, her team was distracted by a man calling his own dog. They veered off the race course and ran up on the man's porch. His wife opened the door to investigate the commotion and the entire team went right into the kitchen, pulling the sled behind them. The dogs were given supper, and only then did they back up and finish the race — last, of course.

Dog sledding isn't for everyone. It's expensive to feed a team of sled dogs and time-consuming to care for them. And then there's the weather... but it's a great form of exercise for dogs and driver. With teams like Maureen Clements' hungry kitchen visitors, everyone's sense of humor gets a workout too. As Russ Hasson sums it up, "It beats sitting in the tavern every sunny afternoon."

Harness racing on ice: revival of a tradition

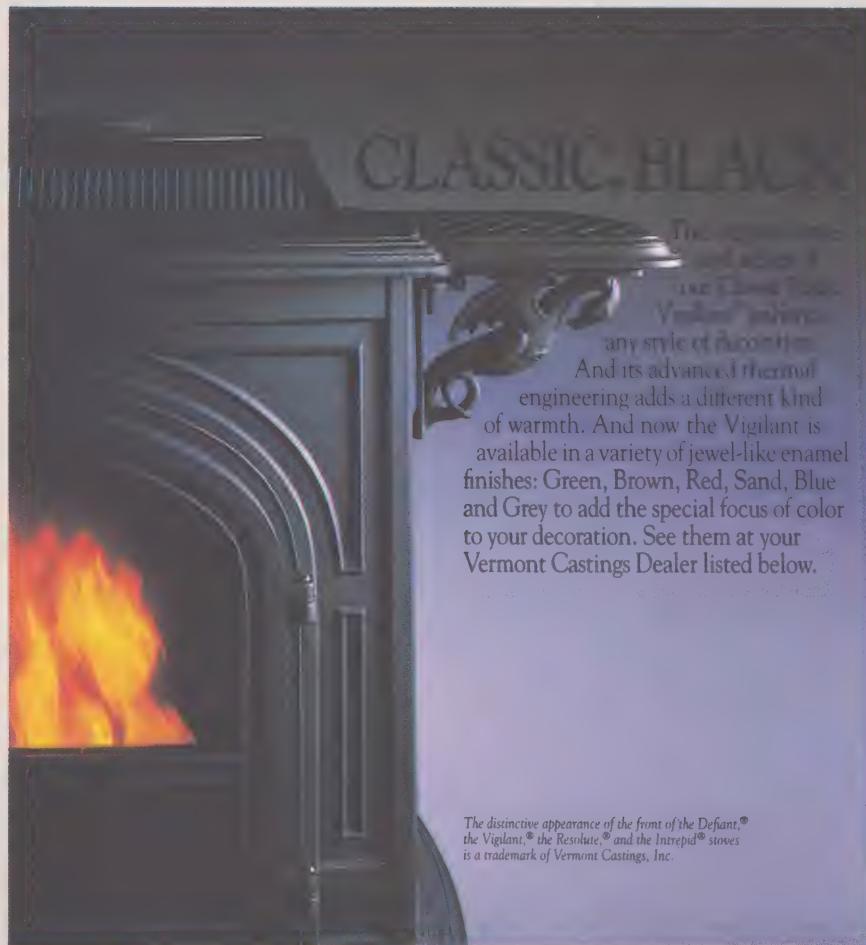
by Richard Starr

In years gone by, the frozen lakes and rivers of the Maritimes furnished a winter track for those with a passion for harness racing. That was before year-round raceways, electronic tote boards and parimutuel betting, when spectators would gather around a cleared stretch of ice to watch while drivers competed for the sheer love of the sport.

But harness racing on ice in New Brunswick was just a memory by 1985 when Tom Scovil returned to live in his native village of Gagetown. He was retiring there after a long career as a horse trainer and owner in the States and Saint John. As a young man during the 1930s, Scovil had raced horses on Gagetown Creek, a tributary of the St. John River. He decided it was time to revive the tradition, because, as he puts it: "There's not much else going on here in the winter."

So with his friend George Gratton and local merchant Tom Colpitts, Scovil set about organizing the first harness race meeting on ice in New Brunswick in some 20 years. It took place last February as part of the Gagetown Winter Festival. The event attracted 500 spectators and 15 horses and drivers to compete in a half-dozen elimination heats and a final.

"We would have had a bigger crowd, except that it was a cloudy day, just after a heavy snowfall," says Scovil. And there was no large winner's purse to attract the



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Last winter, Glengyle Sparling from P.E.I. (leading) ran her first race on ice and won

big-name horses. "Each horse got \$25, win, lose or draw," he chuckles.

Racing a horse on ice is the same as racing on an ordinary dirt track: the driver tries to get his horse to run faster than all the others. But any wagering that goes on is informal, and the meet is organized as a series of elimination dashes, leading up to a finale.

A shoe that has a special "caulking" or tread is used to provide traction on the ice, and races are a lot shorter. The distance is a quarter-mile rather than a mile to reduce the chances of damage to the horses' lungs. The speed, however, is about the same, with the world record on ice at 26.4 seconds for the quarter-mile, established last winter in Ottawa.

There's a certain novelty to ice racing, but there's also a lot of tradition, and Gagetown is a natural site for the rebirth of this winter pastime. Although harness racing on ice took place all over the Maritimes and in Maine, Gagetown, in the lower St. John River Valley, was considered the centre when the sport was in its heyday. The highlight was in 1934.

"We had a two-day meet that year," recalls Tom Scovil. "Horses came in from all over the province, shipped in on freight cars with stoves in them to keep the horses warm. The horses were stabled all over town."

Other years, there was always racing on New Year's Day, and every Saturday afternoon in the winter. Following an afternoon of racing, the townspeople would gather for a long post-mortem. "Tensions ran high," jokes Mary Bridges, whose late husband Percy raced horses on Gagetown Creek, and on regular tracks around the province. "There was always tension over horse racing, just like politics, but there was more tension over racing."

Ironically, Percy Bridges was also a car dealer, and the car was as much to blame as anything for killing wintertime racing on the Gagetown Creek as the number of people who owned horses naturally declined. But there was an indirect impact as well. Communities like Gagetown could no longer support a

blacksmith, so horse fanciers couldn't keep their animals properly shod. And paved highways replaced the dirt roads on which the horses were trained.

Nevertheless, the Gagetown Driving Club, incorporated in 1921 to promote ice racing, stayed in business until 1969. It took the New Brunswick Power Commission's Mactaquac hydro dam, built near Fredericton in the late 1960s, to finally put an end to ice racing on Gagetown Creek. The dam caused the amount of water in the creek to drop and allowed more tidal water to flow in, making it impossible to have the two feet of ice needed for racing.

So when it came time to revive the sport, Tom Scovil had to find a new location. He chose Otnabog Lake on the southern outskirts of the village where he had been raised. The land near the racecourse now belongs to the Kretschmar family — Germans who emigrated about 15 years ago — and is called the Big-K Ranch. It has barns for stabling horses being brought in for the races and fences to help control access to the site.

After the modest success of the inaugural event, Tom Scovil is looking forward to bigger things this winter. The 1987 race day is again planned for the first Sunday in February as part of Gagetown's Winter Festival. And after a busy summer of fund-raising, there's to be a \$1,000 Percy Bridges Memorial race and a \$500 purse donated by the Big-K Ranch. Hopefully it's enough to attract some of the best horses and drivers in the region. Last year most of the horses came up to Otnabog Lake from Saint John where they'd been racing at Exhibition Park.

As for public response, there's a long way to go before the Gagetown event rivals the Canadian championships of ice racing, held each year in front of thousands of spectators on Ottawa's Rideau Canal. But Tom Scovil believes the popularity of the sport has great potential appeal. "When you say horse racing, a lot of people think about wagering. But we do this strictly for the sport, not for betting," he says. "We think there are people who will come to this who've never been to a race track before." ●



Doug Harkness

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Downhill's newest skiers

by Francis Moran

You've never done it before. But one crisp sunny day this winter, you'll find yourself with long strips of fibreglass-reinforced wood or foam strapped to suitcase-like boots on your feet, poles in hand and an icy chill in your heart. You've managed to make your way to the top of the hill at a local ski resort and you're about to make your first attempt at one of North America's most popular winter pastimes — Alpine, or downhill skiing.

Gathering every fibre of courage you aim your skis and push off. A zig here, a zag there, and before you know it, you're safely at the bottom and you've made your first "run." Now that you've conquered the "bunny" hill, maybe you're ready for the main slope, a forbidding glacier of ice and snow down which crazed people of all ages hurtle themselves at suicidal speeds.

Then again, maybe you're not quite ready for the big hill. Indeed, if you've never skied before and you tackle even a modest slope without instruction, you're risking much more than self-esteem with the uncontrolled careening that first run is certain to be. According to Jane Verge, head of the ski school at Nova Scotia's Wentworth Valley development, people who strap on skis and hit the slopes without first getting adequate instruction are literally risking their own necks and those of other skiers.

"Oh, they're definitely risking injury," Verge says. "That would be suicide, I see it happen all the time." Joe O'Brien, who operates Nova Scotia's largest ski area at Martock in the Annapolis Valley, says the uncontrolled beginner is scaring other skiers off the hill. This year, O'Brien is hiring five people to constantly patrol his hill and deal with the problem. "Out of control skiers will be dealt with very harshly," he says.

Verge and other ski instructors strongly recommend that a first-time skier take at least a couple of lessons. For adults coming to the sport, picking up the most basic techniques needed to safely negotiate a good downhill run can be gained in just two or three one-hour lessons. All the ski hills throughout the Maritimes have full-time qualified instructors on staff and the cost of lessons begins at \$10 an hour for a group; private lessons are more expensive.

In spite of all that's available, some would-be skiers are loathe to join a class,

and some long-time "experts" attempt to give lessons themselves. "Friends will take friends out and try to teach them, which can be a real disaster," says Verge. "If their friends take them up to the top of the mountain right off the bat, they look down the mountain and freak out and it's all over." Adds O'Brien, "They're doing such a disservice to their friends, it's frightening."

Conquering a newcomer's fear is the first task a competent instructor tackles. Verge and her instructors start their wards out on flat land or almost at the bottom of the hill. Very basic techniques — how to stop and how to make a simple snowplow turn — are covered in a first lesson. Both the difficulty of the manoeuvres and the altitude of the classroom increase in subsequent lessons. "You could learn to ski very competently within a week with one-hour lessons every day," says Verge.

In Atlantic Canada, as elsewhere in North America, people are flocking to ski slopes as the sport undergoes one of its largest popularity booms ever. According to Verge, after an initially high investment for equipment, lift passes and lessons, skiing is actually a relatively inexpensive form of recreation. Several hills in the region are creating many generations of enthusiasts by running ambitious programs for elementary and junior high school students.

But the full potential of the industry — an important source of tourism revenue and employment during the winter months — will only be realized when more adults can be persuaded to take up the sport. She insists it's an easy sport to learn, although her definition of what it takes to master the slopes — "All you really have to do is control the force of gravity!" — somewhat belies that insistence. Still, with seven full-time and a few part-time instructors in the Wentworth school, as many as 1,000 adults a year are making sure they are properly prepared for their first run.

O'Brien inaugurated the "Skiing is Believing" program at Martock last year. More than 700 adults took advantage of the \$15 package that included all-day lift tickets and rentals and a two-hour lesson. "It was immensely successful," says O'Brien, adding that a follow-up survey indicated that the \$8,000 he spent promoting the program "generated \$64,000 in economic activity" for the ski industry. This year, three hills in Nova Scotia will be offering the program in conjunction with a local brewery, part of a nationwide push by the skiing industry to attract adults to the sport.

O'Brien says that a first-timer, with no instruction or poor instruction from a friend, won't have much fun skiing and will likely never come back. His gang of 30 instructors, including 12 full-time, are working hard to ensure that each one who responds to O'Brien's aggressive style of marketing becomes a regular.



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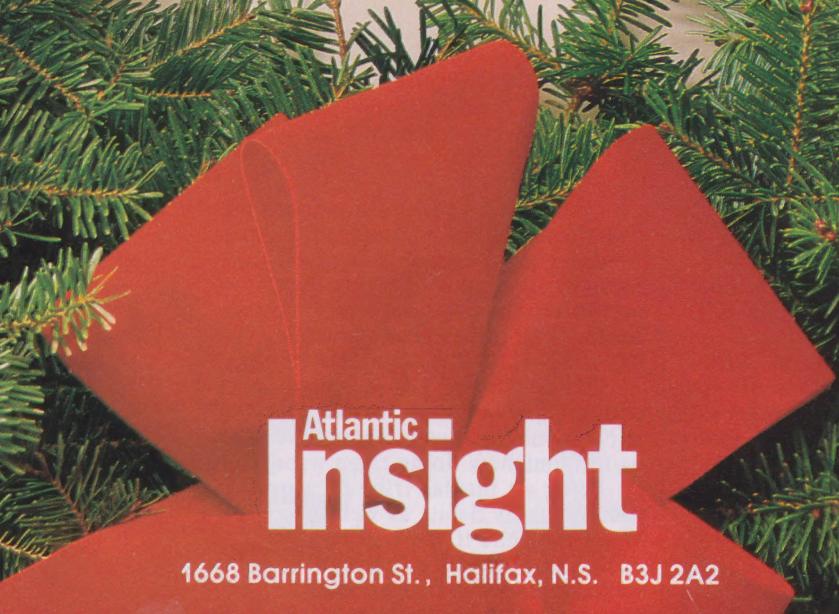
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Looking at others: the view from your tribe

Ah, yes, the city's opening out!" exclaimed the notorious academician seated across the banquet table from me.

He and I had been judges of the essay part of an annual arts contest and his exclamation came when the third person in a row to win a prize in other categories was apparently from somewhere east of Suez.

Aside maybe from some native communities in the far north, Newfoundland is still the least homogenized part of Canada... more than 95 per cent English and Irish descent and with the great heft of these forebears having come out in chains or otherwise through Waterford or Poole.

In America (and possibly, Halifax) the crude word for a black person may now stir up as much physical and legal mayhem as the word "fire" in a crowded theatre. Yet in St. John's you may still hear the sweetest little old ladies with fine lace curtains in the front parlor using it innocently. They'd never dream of using the word "black" (or "mick" or even "Roman" — still the taboo words here) but towards other kinds, races and conditions of men we've inherited an earlier English attitude... but with the racism and bigotry well watered down.

In the United Kingdom now, of course, since immigrants from all corners of the old Empire flocked in, the Denis Thatchers and the Prince Philips have to mince words.

There's no racism in Newfoundland yet because Newfoundland is still almost completely a single tribe. Unlike the Maritimes we have only minuscule pockets of French or "natives" or Presbyterians. This is not to say there isn't ignorance and stupidity as when old Newfie jokes are now mindlessly regurgitated as jokes aimed at other minorities.

As the man said, the city may be opening out but, as yet, only by the tiniest degrees. The influx is so small and slow that the term CFA (Come From Aways) covers newcomers of all kinds. If there was an alarming flood of immigrants from Cape Breton... let alone Hong Kong... I've no doubt that Newfs could turn just as ugly as those white bully-boys in, say, Manchester.

But for now, at least, black people are simply CFAs of a different color. So far there are few problems. One of these concerns not race, color or religion but accent.



Right now if you want to find arrogant bigotry in Newfoundland you'll find it comes from local doctors... *some* smart-ass local doctors or lawyers or retail sales clerks or unemployment insurance minions... who pounce on fellow Newfoundlanders from the far rural areas, and wink and nudge and snigger and patronize them with a relish that would turn the guts of an outhouse rat.

Because immigration here is so slight we have to play it by ear... and so do the immigrants.

A young Torontonian, down here for a summer on some university-government scheme to do good works in Third World countries like Newfoundland, is probably still dining out on the story: "There I was, possibly the only black within hundreds of miles, with a brush in my hand whitewashing the fence in front of the church in Twillingate!"

One of the most miserable specimens of humanity I've ever met came from Nigeria. He never said "Please," just "Park my car," "Get me some tea," "Lend me \$20." Someone later explained that he was an exchange student and of the elite Nigerian tribe which has maintained control by slaughtering a million or so of the "inferior" tribe.

When you come from a place where your own tribe is practically the only game around you get a different... I don't say "right"... view of these matters.

Once, in Barbados, while bouncing along a back road in a sort of tourist dune buggy, I was suddenly jumped at by a bunch of hopped-up young Bajans who menaced me with rocks and beer bottles and called me dirty names like "ghost" and "honky."

I was white, therefore... nobody had told them that while their grandpappies were slaving away with a cutlass among the sugar cane, mine were up to the elbows in North Atlantic slob ice jiggling tomcods for the West Indies. Black or white, who had the best of *that* damnable bargain?

Closer to home, I have little patience with the few hundred "native peoples" in Newfoundland who blame the rest of us for somehow doing them wrong.

Being an insular tribe of a unified nature has its debits as well as credits. What happens if the city really opens out?... a possibility that can be foisted forever if the truth about February here is thoroughly broadcast. ☐

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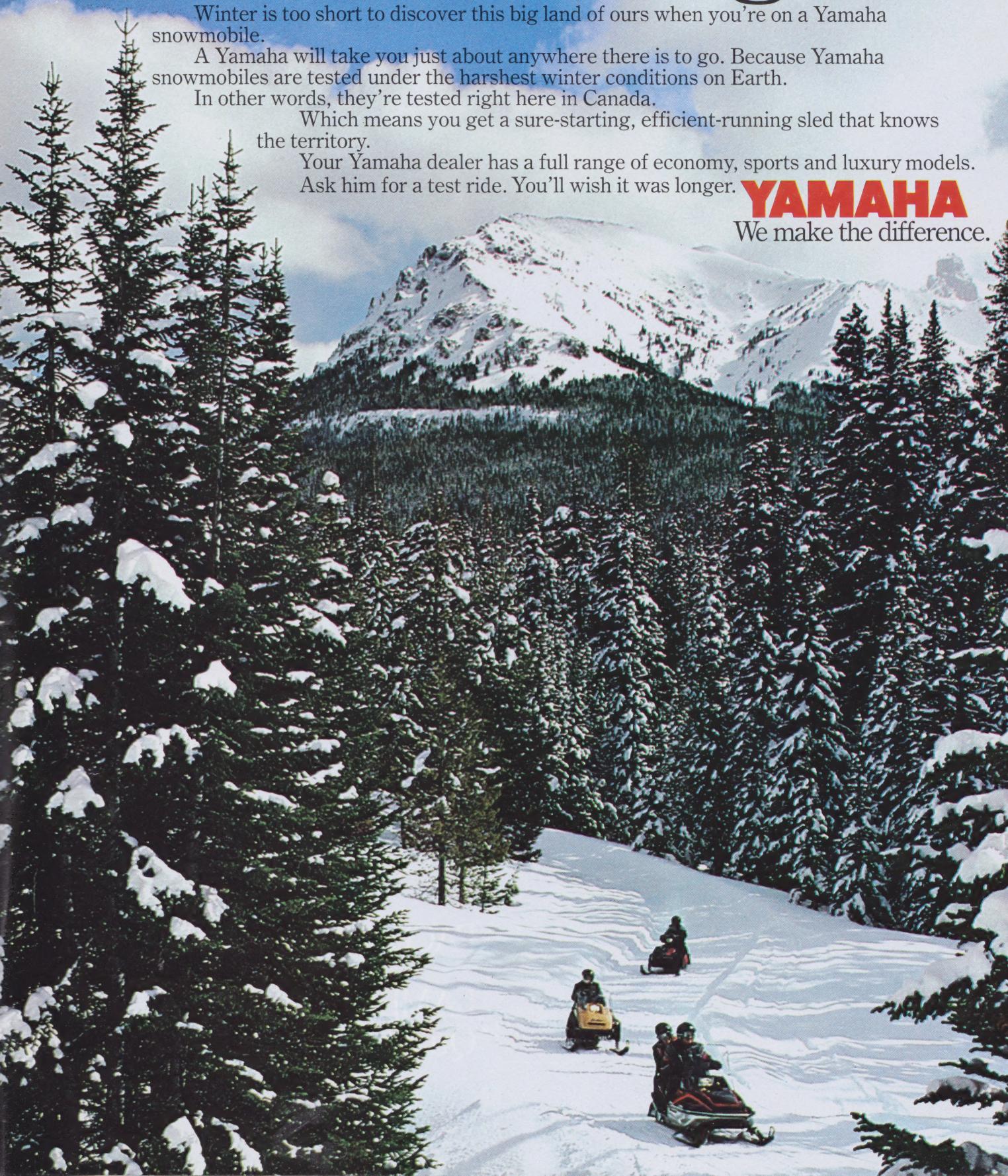
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